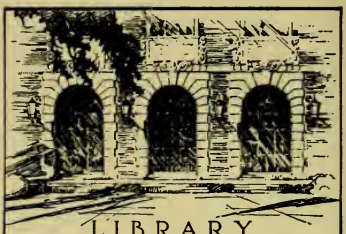

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THE TURF.

LONDON:

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

THE TURF.

A SATIRICAL NOVEL.

Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?
Whose table, wit or modest merit share,
Un-elbowed by a *gamester*, pimp, or player?

POPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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THE TURF.

CHAPTER I.

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.
GRAY.

TWENTY-FIVE summers had passed over the head of Edward Montville when, freed from the restraint of College life, he prepared to make what used to be called the "Grand Tour." About this time, too, he came into possession of his title and of a princely fortune, left him by his father, (an old Peer)

who died the year before, and had directed in his will that his son and heir should not touch the property till he should have arrived at twenty-five years of age. The commencement of the young nobleman's career was a brilliant one; he had been already ushered into life with all the observances peculiar to his rank, such as a presentation at the court of his sovereign, and introductions to the highest society; and, as might naturally be expected, he had formed numerous connexions at Cambridge. During his travels also, he met with a great number of the most dashing youths of rank and fashion.

But it was on his return home that the *life*, emphatically speaking, of our hero may be said to have commenced. Even whilst under age, and in spite of his father's restrictions, money had been at his command, and he had been assailed by all the temptations by which interested and vicious persons deprave the health, bodily and mental, of youth, and

plunder them of property, even while it is only yet in prospect. Complying ladies, obliging friends, and accommodating money-lenders had, in his young days, flocked around him, so that it will not be thought surprising that, to a great extent, his expectations had been already drawn upon. On coming into possession of his broad lands and well-stored coffers, the demands against him amounted to about ten thousand pounds; but as the old Peer had constantly large disposable funds in the hands of his banker, the above claims were not considered enormous, but were liquidated at once by the young heir's trustees.

To use a familiar phrase, our hero now "started fair." He had a fine person, was accomplished in all that distinguishes a gentleman, was possessed of unincumbered means, and was not altogether destitute of reflection; and though no one plunged more deeply into dissipation, nor was a more confirmed voluptuary, yet nature had stamped him for better

things, and had gifted him with faculties of a higher order. No knowledge was too difficult for the compass of his mind; but, unluckily, youth must run its course of folly—the cool exercise of the head cannot be expected, till the fever of the heart has passed away.

On Lord Dorimont's debut in the gay world, he became at once the "observed of all observers." Manœuvring tradesmen emulated each other in the length of credit offered to him. Costly articles were forced on him by jewellers; the country was scoured by horse-dealers, in order that the finest cattle in England might be procured; his levees were obsequiously attended by rival coach-makers, and his good taste was proclaimed aloud by tailors, who succeeded in persuading him that it was he who set the fashion in costume. Had his brain been a weak one, here was adulation enough to turn it, as the phrase is, on his very commencement in fashionable life.

But these were not all the excitements thrown in his path. There were other dangers than those which had their origin in tradesmen. Our rich young heir was considered fit game for higher beasts of prey ——— titled plunderers, *honourable* associates, patrician thieves, by whom youth and inexperience are uniformly surrounded. So inviting and so numerous were the schemes prepared for him, that his stock of self-control became inadequate to resist their influence. He was elected a member of the best clubs—his presence was eagerly coveted in those circles where were to be found the gayest of the gay—beauty courted him—his own sex flattered; and over this path of roses, he was insidiously led into the most delicious scenes of what may be termed the romance of high life. The turf, the gaming table, the smiles of woman, lay all before him; nor could he refrain from drinking deeply of pleasure's intoxicating cup, until, elate

with success, he lavished the means of possessing it, without measure or foresight.

Whilst this perilous game was going on, a gentler agency tried its arts to gain him. Matrimonial alliances were proposed; and, as already the meretricious arts of courtezans had been exerted to the utmost, he was now assailed at Opera, "at home," ball, soirée, and assembly, by the chaster, though hardly less venal, charms of maiden candidates for matrimony. His inclinations, however, did not lead him that way. He saw so much conjugal infelicity, such splendid misery, such hymeneal infidelity in high life, that he dreaded the imposition of connubial fetters, and preferred a batchelor's freedom to the most apparently desirable match. His guardian, indeed, had a very pretty and piquant daughter, who was not, like the Celia of the poet, "coy and hard to win;" but, attractive as she might be in other respects, she wanted "style." One of our hero's country neigh-

bours, Lord Hammond, had a choice of three young ladies, all of whom had been perfectly initiated in the routine of fashionable life, and knew how to improve to the utmost those natural fascinations of which they were far from destitute. Added to these personal advantages, was the important consideration, that their father's estate joined that of the young peer. Still he could not divest himself of the thought, that if he once ventured on matrimony, the practised enchantments of the dear creature whom he might elect for his wife, might either cease, or be displayed only for the gratification of another. This, alas! is too common a case in the fashionable world.

The disinclination for matrimony entertained by our hero, was fostered by his attachment to "the turf," which is in itself enough to occupy wholly a man's time and thoughts. Lord Dorimont's anti-nuptial inclinations were still further confirmed by a

Spring in London, during which his affections were fixed (so at least he thought) on the wife of a noble brother sportsman. The lady was a star of beauty, darting her rays in the firmament of intrigue, and worshipped by the crowd with even more than Chaldean enthusiasm. To her other charms, she added a winning pensiveness; and, with an equivocal smile and languishing eye, she gave her devoted lover to understand that she was neglected by her husband.

A hint of this kind is irresistible. Lord Dorimont laid his plans accordingly; and, as we never hate any one so cordially as the man we design to injure, his lordship's companion of the field became odious to him. It is true that he professed for his *soi-disant* friend a greater degree of cordiality than before, but this was only that appearances might be the better kept up, and that he might have unrestrained liberty in visiting at the house where lived his charmer.

Though in all this there was unquestionably a great breach of honour and good faith between man and man, still the "injured husband," felt it much less than one of other habits would have done. His jealousy was lulled by Bacchus. The fear of dishonour, the dread of shame, were blunted by a consciousness of his own offences against the marriage state: dissipation had long alienated him from the society of his wife, and he dared not tax her with imprudencies lest she might recriminate, and turn the tables on him.

Here let us pause, and throw a veil over the remainder of the picture. A careful *raconteur* will know when circumspection, if not concealment, are required of him. Without affecting a paradox, it may be said that there are many particulars in a story which are best communicated by being untold.

For some time this unhallowed intrigue went on with seeming happiness; but it could not, in its nature, long endure. Link

after link of the flowery chain gave way, and at length mutual upbraidings, rendered more poignant by a sense of mutual guilt, made the interviews between the gallant and the adultress, occasions rather of torment than of love.

On one of these meetings, which was more than usually insupportable, the lady suddenly, and in an angry tone, exclaimed "This is misery—let us snap the bond at once!" A woman is seldom more interesting than when in tears; and as the above exclamation was followed by heavy weeping, the admiration of our hero was temporarily revived; but it was only the last expiring flash of love, soon doomed to be utterly extinct. The lady, nevertheless, speedily indemnified herself with another gallant, and thus ended the amour.

The young peer felt that now there was a blank in his heart. Satiated love and broken vows, lead to sadness and remorse;

but a man of wealth and dissipation has so many solaces within his reach, that the disease of melancholy is soon cured. The chagrin attending this loss of his first love plunged our hero, as is too often the case with young men of ardent minds, into a whirl of dissipation, when luckily another loss opened his eyes, and drew him from the ruinous vortex. The fact is, that Lord Dorimont had squandered many enormous sums; his ready money had melted like vapours in the sun; his woods groaned under the axe; part of his entailed property was encumbered by mortgages; his country mansion was suffering under dilapidation; his tradesmen's bills were heavy, and he stood on the wrong side of his banker's books.

But, worse than all, he had some heavy bets to pay; and although his credit was as yet unimpaired, and he stood high in the circle in which he moved, he feared a reverse, for he loved play, he loved racing, he

was ambitious, he was impassioned and ardent. Entangled in the toils of dissipation, he had been played upon, and thrown over—was duped, and he knew it—pigeoned, and he felt it. Resentment, or complaint, would, in his case, be worse than useless. He was reduced to a very common, but a very melancholy predicament. His pleasures had cost him dear; the heroines of the boudoir, no less than those of the ballet, lead directly or indirectly to large disbursements; for, whether the love-sick swain dance after a coroneted caprice, or follow a favourite dancer on the boards, he must ultimately have to pay the piper to no very merry tune.

In one word, Lord Dorimont was deeply dipped. He had, nevertheless, the good sense to conceal it, being, as has already been said, a man of strong mind. So little were his embarrassments suspected, that he might have continued much longer to haunt the scenes of dissipation, and by resorting to

shifts and evasions, have maintained for a few years his station as a prominent character, or retreated on a matrimonial make-up; but he felt all this to be unworthy his rank as a nobleman, and ruinous of his self-esteem as an honest man.

A year or two had now been passed in the beau-monde by our hero, and it was frightful to contemplate the vast amount squandered in so short a time. Still, as he did not confide to any one the situation of his affairs, detection was kept aloof; and, though he was occasionally annoyed by vague rumours, yet as he paid regularly the interest of monies borrowed, and as his establishment underwent no reduction, tradesmen feared to be importunate. The external magnificence which he still maintained, stood him in good stead. He had, moreover, the faculty of seeming to be gay when ill indeed at ease; and above all, as we have said, he knew the value of silence.

The continent was still open to the visits of the English. A tour to France was the rage of the day. The *séance* of Fashion's court was transferred from London to Paris, and thus an admirable opportunity was given to any one who wished to escape from defeat without leaving it to be suspected that he was beaten. A retreat could be made almost in the manner of a triumph; and our hero, with his usual dexterity, availed himself of this position of affairs, and, under pretence of a foreign tour, escaped from the toils that were gathering fast around him at home. His departure was publicly announced; grand preparations were made; he set off in the best style, with a handsome sum of money, per letter of credit on Lafitte, the source of which was supplied by the sale of an estate, to take place after his departure, and by the letting of his residence in the country. For these purposes a power of attorney was left with a very singular person—a person whose

character may be said to be without parallel, —an *honest* attorney, who had been many years professionally concerned for the peer's family.

Part of Lord Dorimont's time was passed in Italy and Germany; but his head-quarters were fixed at Paris, where he became a close observer of men and manners, which are no where so fully and so variously developed as in the metropolis of France. Of these, he saw more, and understood more, than in his former visit; and here he had ample time to reflect on the past, and to form proper estimates of those sunshine friends, who had professed so much sincerity in the hour of prosperity. In Paris, however, even the contemplative man must be gay. Human wisdom and reflection are there directed to their only legitimate end, human happiness; and the melancholy Englishman may there learn lessons in conduct and in opinion, which will benefit him for his life. But such lessons were not needed

by our hero, who was by natural temperament of a joyous disposition. He was no Timon of Athens; for while he acquired experience, he followed the paths of pleasure, and failed not to turn to account many singular opportunities of which we shall, by and by, have occasion to speak.

In these pursuits of mingled pleasure, observation and reflection, ten years passed away.

CHAPTER II.

I know you all; and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness.

HENRY IV.

At the commencement of his *sejour* abroad, the great influx of English visitors to the French capital was such, that it was impossible for Lord Dorimont to appear at any place of fashionable resort, without meeting, in great numbers, the companions of his youth and pleasurable hours in London; but as we shall have to name these hereafter, as connected with the turf and the gaming-table,

we shall only allude, *en passant*, to those whose extravagance or vice had disqualified them for remaining at home. Such gentry were generally to be met with at the Salon, Frascati's, and at houses of private play.

The fate of one man caused Lord Dorimont no little regret. His name was Tibalt; he was a friend of our hero's father, and for many years had borne the character of an honourable gentleman. He had been a member of most of the clubs in town, yet he never was what is called a *play-man;* nor did he entertain the most remote idea that it could at any time become necessary to him to draw his resources from dice or cards; but the scene was now unfortunately changed! Tibalt's means were sadly reduced; and, under the pressure of poverty, which came suddenly on him "like an armed man," he had been tempted to retrieve his misfortunes by dishonourable means, and had fallen a victim to the fallacious idea of winning by

calculation at that destructive game "rouge et noir."

Nothing can be more ruinously delusive than the schemes which many miserable individuals practice in the hope of securing eventual gain at the gaming-table. We have seen a score of dupes all possessing systems more or less intricate, and derived, as they thought, from long practice and observation; but which nevertheless led uniformly to one end — defeat, beggary, infamy! Some of these wretched victims have sunk under the weight of poverty and despair; others have made an unhallowed compromise with their consciences; and, joining with plunderers, have become the decoys of those who had brought them to their fallen state.

Another old acquaintance, who failed not to cultivate the intimacy of Lord Dorimont, was a certain Lord Dalzel. This peer was a man of *taste;* an inveterate gourmand and great consumer of viands and wines. His

Lordship, when at school, was nick-named "the Pig;" an early appellation which he fully justified by becoming afterwards a *bore* of the first magnitude. Not content with this honourable distinction, he aspired to the character of a gallant; but though Venus did indeed smile upon him, it was not in approval but in scorn. To his cash alone is his Lordship indebted for the very little reputation he enjoys; and which cannot be raised above its low pitch even by a splendid equipage and appointments, under the superintendence of Jolly Reynard, a *ci-devant* cornet of dragoons, and son of a wholesale vendor of Turkey rhubarb. The situation of Master of the Horse to Lame Leg, which Jolly enjoys, is not unattended by some little trouble, and even personal danger; as a proof of which it is well known that Coachee threatened one day to thrash him for his officious and tyrannical interference in the stable.

But to return to Lord Dalzel when at Paris. His Lordship's rank gave him no importance in the saloon, especially when he was what is called "in low feather;" but when he had money to sport, he became a star there, notwithstanding his having once hopped off, and given a lame account of himself without recollecting what he owed to old Florio the waiter, or to the accommodating Madame * * * *, who presided at Frascati's, whose house he hired and forgot to pay for.

Two other unlucky qualities in this Right Honourable's composition, are his *hauteur*, which is always thrusting him upon the commission of insults, and his backwardness to give the necessary satisfaction for them by fighting. Witness his insolent reception of the Honourable Mr. Eagle, to whom he was indebted, and from whom, and from his brother, Lord Eagle, he had received kindness and hospitality. At the time when these favours were shown him,

Lord Dalzel was only an honourable Mister, and, being somewhat "shy," as the phrase is, was glad to sponge upon any man, more especially if a good kitchen was to be found in his house. In proof of this, it may be mentioned, that he once left his friend, Lord Eagle, with whom he was staying, that he might take up his quarters with a stranger who accidentally invited him to dinner. The reason given for this rudeness was, that the latter kept the best cook! Such is the worth of Lord Dalzel's friendship.*

His declining to fight Sir Sandy Belso,

* Amongst the many vain and ridiculous vagaries of this lordling, that of sporting a Colonel of Cavalry's uniform at Brussels was not the least contemptible. He had long ceased to be in the army, in which he had never been anything more than a very *heavy* Dragoon Sub.; nevertheless he appeared with dashing epaulets, enormous spurs, and a cane of a staff-appearance, which he awkwardly wielded, getting his spurs entangled with it.

and many others to whom he owed debts of honour which he refused to pay, supersedes the necessity of further evidence as to his valour. Sir Sandy, however, found a summary mode of bringing him to book, by sending his friend the Colonel with a message, and giving his Lordship ten minutes to decide whether he would fight or pay. This was an ugly dilemma; the noble Lord bravely produced his money, adding to it an abject apology! The success of Sir Sandy induced others to adopt the same expedient; but, alas! without a repetition of the same good fortune, for his Lordship made up his mind rather to be posted than pay. Poor Hal! "what a piece of work art thou!" Curaçoa and Champagne cannot save thee.

Let us not forget a pleasant little anecdote connected with Lord Dalzel, and which illustrates his character as a nobleman and a gentleman. On his retreat, or rather escape, from Paris in former days, ere added rank

and fortune had altered but not improved him, he found himself shut up in a stage-coach travelling north with an individual, who, on removing his cap from his eyes at day-break, was recognised as a very unwelcome companion. The person in question was a certain Mr. Steers (so let us call him) to whom the honourable fellow-traveller stood indebted in the unpaid arrears of an annuity long since due and greatly accumulated. What was now to be done? The ingenuity and presence of mind of a dozen swindlers condensed, like Colman's "two single gentlemen," into one, would hardly suffice in such a very awkward predicament. For once the sapient Pig was at fault, but time was not to be lost; and after concealing, as well as he could, the effects of his first embarrassment, he greeted his companion with an assumed friendly recognition, which inspired new hope in the breast of the creditor.

Our fellow-travellers took refreshment together. Lord Dalzel manifested no desire to conceal anything, no design to escape, no wish to shake off a troublesome companion; on the contrary, he engaged Mr. Steers to look out for quarters for him in town, invited him to join him there, and receive the monies due. This apparent frankness and cordiality lulled every suspicion on the part of Steers, who complied with the directions of his honourable debtor; and was rewarded in the end, not only with the "bag to hold," but the house to hold and pay for as long as his patience lasted.

It will be easier to conceive than to express the disappointment felt by Steers on finding himself so egregiously duped. But when the friendly fellow-traveller became a peerless peer, Steers recollected what had passed, and charged him for two years' house-rent, which he forced the noble Lord to pay. The Newmarket man was at length too much for him,

and the biter was bit. For the present we shall take our leave of lying limping Hal.

Another frequenter of those destructive haunts of gamesters, the Salon and Frascati's, was known by the name of Lord Planet, an appellation which had its origin in the fact of his lordship having been born under an unlucky star. After having abstained for twenty years from cards, this noble personage fell into the common snare, and became one of the many victims of the prevalent vice which levels ranks, undermines happiness, and dissipates fortunes as a gust of wind scatters the autumnal leaves.

But remarkable characters were not only to be found at this time among the male acquaintance of our hero. Several of the ladies were equally conspicuous for the freedom, if not disgracefulness of their lives. Lady Blossomfled is, we are sorry to say it, our countrywoman; one of the many who, instead of standing as bright examples of the British

matron, are held up to the view of the continental fair, as specimens of the morality of our higher ranks. It is said by the courtly belles on the other side of the water, that our chilly women are mere hypocrites; that their coolness goes no further than external appearance; that when the mask is thrown off their gallantry knows no bounds; and, unfortunately, a number of French cavaliers, the favoured of our frail countrywomen, can attest the truth thereof. If there is an Anglomanie among these foreigners, there is a Gallomanie amongst our dames of high life. We do not admire their taste; but *de gustibus non est disputandum.* Lady Blossomfled has not only adopted the fastly prevailing fashion of taking an *amant à titre*, a regular *cavaliere servante*, but she has transferred the man of her choice to her daughter; has thus fixed a family tie which causes feelings of indignation in every bosom. How revolting is this! what a triumph for our censuring neighbours! In-

deed the columns of our *Sunday* prints trumpet our *mala fama* to all polished Europe. "*On ne voit,*" said a French nobleman, the other day, "*dans vos gazettes que des libertinages de vos dames;* as to us," continued he, "we are *tout comme les autres;* but we say nothing about it, and this perhaps is best." With which observation we will take leave of this strange family party, in links interwoven by most unholy hands.

CHAPTER III.

'Tis midnight—just the hour to introduce you
Into the loftier sphere of the SALON:
You may see thousands lost, and, as you choose, you
Can play at *Rouge et Noir*, or shake the bone:
But don't suppose, you inexperienced goose, you!
That any one can stumble in alone:
You must be here presented quite in state, Sir—
Heaven bless your soul—a Marquis is head-waiter!

READ'S "*Rouge et Noir.*"

MUCH as the gaming-table engrossed Lord Dorimont's time, the promenade and the boudoir had their share. *La brune et la*

blonde brunettes exercised their influence over him still at length, after a little fluttering about, he fixed his choice on a certain Comptesse, whose personal charms and adorned mind justified the preference thus bestowed on her. Our hero also frequented the *ambigus soirées* of a certain Baroness which were given at a Ducal Hotel. The intrigue and match-making of this Lady formed part of the bill of fare proffered to her guests.

Though, on quitting England, Lord Dorimont had resolved to abandon his most expensive habits, yet the turf was not to be obliterated from his mind. His decided taste for this kind of gaming had been confirmed by long habit. We shall soon have enough to say on the subject of the turf. At present let us make a slight sketch of the Parisian races. Ever since the peace with England these have been rapidly improving, and they are now nearly equal to our own. The Duc de Guiche is a prominent patron of

these sports. He is an amiable, kind-hearted, hospitable man, full of honourable feeling, and much attached to the English. When in England he had become acquainted with Lord Dorimont, whom he was now delighted to welcome in his own native land, to which he is an ornament. This rencontre produced a revival of his lordship's habits; and having sent home for a couple of racers, he engaged actively in the Parisian sports, and was a constant frequenter of all the races. On one occasion, he was present at a fête given in the Duke's stables, splendidly lit up with wax, a circumstance not unusual in the grand racing association to which he belonged.

Having said this much of the Duke, it would be ungallant indeed were we not to mention in terms of the highest praise his lovely wife,—a leader of *bon-ton*, a star of the first brilliance in the choicest circles of Paris. Beauty of person, kindness of heart, a happy dash of English feeling which circumstances

have mixed up in her composition, render the Duchesse a most delightful woman. The curled lip of envy, the blighting tongue of slander, the depraved taste for scandal, are defeated as regards the Duchesse de Guiche, in whom they are at a loss to detect a blemish. She is an ornament to the Court of the Bourbons, which requires beauty and vivacity to relieve the sad, proud, distant, priest-ridden, cold, stiff propriety which prevents it from shining in the lustre of former days. Napoleon once said, "*Ma cour ne brille que de l'éclat des armes.*" The *vieille cour* was that of gallantry, dress, magnificence, boundless expenditure, intrigue, and general voluptuousness. Every thing, in short, was in a pernicious extreme, and the present Court, instead of adopting the "golden mean," has gone to the other excess; the Loves and Graces are proscribed, and independence of thought and speech is repressed by an over-jealous surveillance.

We will not swell our page with Paris "*Insipids*"—with the worthless nobodies who lounge about in the Rue de la Paix, the Tuilleries, and the Boulevards, and who fill the private salons of ecarté and other games; such worthies, for example, as Mr. Widehood, the descendant of the brewer, and other shoots of trade, who sport their insignificance with an exterior of assumed fashion, or rather *mauvais ton*, and who, though nobody at home, have crept into high company abroad, by giving dinners and playing deeply, by contributing to support the salons by their losses, and by feeding and lending money to needy French nobility and half-pay British paupers. Any man who keeps a good coach, gives iced champagne, and loses his money with indifference at the salon and at Frascati's, will worm himself into the greatest circles. He will be admired and plundered by strangers, and his own countrymen abroad may probably be tempted just to endure him. But

on returning to his native land he must not expect to be admitted into the brilliant circles of the West in the great Babel, London. It is from this cause that such characters as those we have hinted at affect to prefer Paris to London. They know instinctively that in the latter they would be lost.

Apropos to the private salons. Our task would be but ill accomplished were we not to denounce the dangerous tendency of these places, where a variety of lures are held out to drain the purses of the unwary. At some, the dinners are so good and so convenient and so amusing, that there is no resisting the bait; and then the artifice practised by the form of making it a favour to put down a stranger's name as a member of so charming a *réunion* is so flattering, and looks so disinterested on the part of the proprietors, (who are little suspected of having no other resource than the fruits of the play-table,) that nothing is less suspected than unfair

play. At other salons the variety of entertainment, presented to idleness and extravagance, has its peculiar captivation—occasional balls, private theatricals, little concerts, the sprightly and significant conversation of smiling belles, and the never-failing ecarté, piquet, or rouge-et-noir.

A certain ci-devant Captain in our service, who married an Admiral's daughter, and was afterwards an associate of a handsome-faced, club-footed, French Marquis, who kept a *little-go* at Boulogne-sur-Mer, is at the head of many of these cut-purse establishments.

Although born in France, Monsieur V— speaks English as fluently as a native, has very great conversational talent, and makes the dinners and the wine, although not so good as those of the circle *des étrangers*, go off *à merveille*.

A novice will naturally form some very inviting acquaintances at these assemblies, which lead to other parties, to *dejeuners à la*

fourchette and *fêtes champêtres* in the summer, at which he will pay the piper imperceptibly, and still feel grateful for the marked attention of being made one of a select few. He may also, if introduced, like a well-born flat, by a certain female writer of memoirs, deem himself honoured by being a bottom-of-the-table guest at other *ambigu* parties, and may even plume himself on being admitted to the *extraordinaires* of the Frascati's glorious set.*

If such a mode of living suit the disposition of any man, he may live far more gaily in Paris than in London, and not pay so dearly for his entertainment as he would at Hookey's Palace in the West, or by trusting to the advice of *friends* at a race, and being the

* Madame Frascati gives occasionally an *extraordinaire*, in the form of a ball and supper, where very valuable acquaintances may be made, and where very valuable property may be melted down to defray the expenses, direct and indirect, which follow.

victim of the confederacy of such worthies as Pugil, Mace, Blaze, and Co.

The preference we have given to Parisian robbery, as compared with our own, will, perhaps, be disputed by some. It will be urged that many unfortunate victims have passed from the Ecarté salons, and from the morning and evening circles for play, and other pastime, to the dreary walls of *la Sainte Pilagée*, whence there is no issuing by the white-washing act; that every facility is given, from the salon to the minor hells, for converting property to cash; such as an accommodating bank, waiters ready to make advances by way of loan; and a neighbouring *commissaire du Mont de Piété*, near the vile hell in the *Palais Royale*;* and lastly,

* The Palais Royale was, in former times, nicknamed *la Forêt d'Orléans*, in honour of the name of its proprietor, and to prove that, in the language of the French gambler, "*On est volé comme dans un bois.*" (A man is robbed as if he were in a wood.)

that suicide has often been committed, on quitting these scenes of plunder. But this proves nothing. The victim of the turf and gaming-table will, in England, find money-lenders in abundance, as long as the infatuated gamester has any security to produce; and in England also are considerately provided a lock-up house and a prison to receive his body as a deposit for his debts. The only preference due to merry England is the great facility which the Insolvent and Bankrupt Acts afford men for emerging from durance vile, and for beginning a fresh scene. This, however, never happens until a man's whole property has melted away. Touching suicide, this crime, in our own country, not unfrequently follows the ruin of the gaming-table. Foreigners are more addicted to morning play than are Englishmen. It

There is no reason for the name being changed; the practices of the place not having varied in the least since the days of *Egalité*.

would be a curious, though not very agreeable task, to trace the course of gamblers, who prostitute their hours in the morning hells at the *forêt d'Orléans*, then snatch a hasty dinner in the vicinity, and finally return to these low tripots, or attend the deeper and more dangerous Erebus of the Salon.

We must not conclude this chapter on Parisian gaming-houses, without giving deserved praise to the author of "ECARTE." His details are at once amusing and true; and his description of the *Sainte Pilagée*, is drawn to the very life. Let us hope that our countrymen may escape personal knowledge of it.

CHAPTER IV.

Adieu, thou dreary pile!
OLD SONG.

LIBERTY! thou art one of the greatest blessings, bestowed on man. To a Briton thou art doubly dear. The world would be a prison to him if liberty of thought, speech, opinion, and person, were not allowed him. We will not, therefore, permit the Saint Pilagée to *arrest* our attention longer, but speed on with our journey and our novel together.

We have tarried long enough with Lord

Dorimont on the Continent, and it is time we should return home. This, however, would not have taken place had it not been for an event, not unforeseen, but uncertain as to the period of its occurring. Lord Dorimont had a rich uncle, who had buried himself alive in Leicestershire, and, after being deprived of the sports of the field, from frequent attacks of the gout, and rather frightened by a fall when in the decline of life, as he was *taking* a fence, had determined to do all in his power to attain longevity "not giving his heirs a chance," as his nephew often termed it. By dint of extreme care, an assiduous surgeon, a rosy corpulent house-keeper, good wine, and the stimulus of brandy when required, he continued to make life's taper last much longer than was anticipated, so that he only "slipped his wind" in the tenth year of his nephew's absence.

Lord Dorimont had the prudence to refrain from raising money on his expectances, so

that he was now once more a rich man. His own remaining property had greatly improved, which, added to this second accession of wealth, set him up again in the first style; his experience, at the same time, was almost a third fortune to him.

With all these advantages he started again, and although he felt some regret in leaving Paris, yet the bright prospect before him, and a kind of *maladie du pays* to which a Briton is subject, overbalanced the pain, and he made the necessary preparations for turning his face to old England once more.

His was no escape at night, no slipping of cable on a Sunday, nor departing pitifully *par la diligence;* he took leave of his numerous acquaintance, paid all his bills, and set forth in a manner becoming his rank and fortune, and in that of a man of fashion returning with countless articles of ornament and expense of Parisian *fabrique.* Travelling with the utmost rapidity, he halted only one day

at Boulogne; and this was not on account of the attractions of the place, but caused by its being necessary to make some repairs to one of his carriages.

Boulogne has become a complete English colony, where idlers and debtors, delinquents and reduced dandies, alike strut out their hour. It is a kind of stepping-stone to Paris for some, a *mezzo termini* to others, who consider that they have travelled and seen France when they have passed a few winters at this scene of alternate plunder and privation, to both of which our unfortunate countrymen are by turns subjected. The merchant and trader here finds French education for his city-breed, cheap and easy, and this affords him a facility of slipping over from time to time to take the air, or airs of France. Here, too, men in difficulties can correspond privately with agent and solicitor, negociating with dun and tradesmen. The half pay officer contemplates here an eco-

nomical existence, mingled with pleasurable enjoyment, but finds himself disappointed; he begins by counting without his host, and ends by being told out; time is called, and he finds himself placed so as not to be able to come to time. There are some who make of Boulogne a watering-place. This is the best view of it; in every other form it is a vile medium between France and England.

Notwithstanding all this, a certain mover in high life, who kept up the Ball at home in great style, and who took from the theatrical boards a sylph-like performer of much notoriety, pitched his tent here, and affected to live quietly, with all his former expensive habits unaltered. Lord Dorimont had known him in earlier days, and felt pleasure in talking over old times after so long an absence.

At Calais all is still; the packet is the first thing which a returning traveller looks

for: "home, sweet home!" is full in his mind's eye; and to an heir about to inherit, every moment of delay is marked with impatience. It is otherwise to the arriving John Bull, but more particularly to one who is not of the Patrician order, to which novelty applies in vain, and who must look affectedly and insipidly on everything that appertains not to the *haut ton.* John, of the second, third, and fourth order, has, however, some amusement in an arrival at Calais; all is new to him; he swells with importance at thinking that he has begun to see the world, and returns, after a glance at the country, full of erroneous opinions, follies and fantasies, or with a deeper rooted prejudice than ever against a nation with which he is wholly unacquainted.

Some of these ignorant travellers affect a contempt of the country which they are visiting: and undervalue what they do not understand. We remember a fool exclaiming,

in the stupidity of his self-conceit, "Here's a pretty waiter, that don't know what butter'd toast is!" as if the man was obliged to understand his barbarous French of, *Do pang rotté avec du bure.* And another, on seeing a *fricandeau,* asking what it was, "*C'est un fricandeau de veau;*" replied the waiter. "Oh, you calls that *woe,*" rejoined John, "it is woe indeed! Take it away, it will not do for my palate."

Our hero cleared the Custom-house, and got quit of the Dover sharks as speedily as possible. A new world seemed before him; and although he intended to drop many false friends, and to shape a different course to that which he had formerly pursued, yet he meditated again appearing on the turf, and commencing his favourite pursuits; he was aware that low flattery would meet him at every turn, and that fresh plans to lay him under contribution would be formed. But he was proof against both.

Full of these thoughts, he scarcely knew how the time and distance passed as he lolled in the corner of his travelling-carriage, until awaking from his reverie, he was asked where the post-boys should drive; he paused a moment full of reminiscences, and at length said, "To Stevens's," where his liberal payment of the boys brought him in a very short time.

No sooner did he appear at the door of the hotel, than the old red-faced waiter, Turner, greeted him with many expressions of respect; he was delighted to see what he called one of the old set. "Times," he said "are sadly altered; the company is no longer the same." This meant, that they were less expensive; or, rather, did not pay so well. "There is no comparison," added he; "but how well you look, my lord—how little altered in so long a period of time!" In a word, he never saw a customer with so much pleasure in his life.

Turner is a waiter *tout comme les autres*, but he has his favourites: the new set he swears cannot hold a candle to the old one; there is more trouble given, and less profit; more glasses of water called for than bumpers of Champaigne; economy is the order of the day, and the features of affairs are wonderfully altered.

Lord Dorimont had now recovered a little from his fatigue, whilst his French valet was arranging his splendid dressing apparatus; but after dressing for dinner, he began to feel that solitude was but a sad state at best. However sumptuously a man may dine, gold plate glads not the heart, nor does the gastronomic science fill an aching void; the coffee-room was the only resource, he could there look about him, and might perhaps meet an old friend.

He accordingly ordered dinner there; and had scarcely seated himself at table when he recognised his old friend Lord Malmsley, the

only remaining one of a set of real good fellows; he found him unaltered and unalterable. He was a veteran in the court of Bacchus; but was vigorous and rosy at the festive board as when in the flower of youth.

Mutual satisfaction marked each countenance, and they agreed to join company and dine at the same table; and now Mr. Scott came forward with his adjusted features and cold freezing countenance, bearing a welcome and bringing his best Champaign and other choice wines, which went off successively and rapidly, to the great delight of the attendants, who began to think that the Golden Age had returned, the Silver one and that of Brass having succeeded in their turn.

The two friends now run over the list of good fellows, dead, ruined, and removed; and of the new faces which smiled in their place. Turf transactions next occupied their conversation, and presented vicissitudes similar to those in every other scene of life; beggars

were literally riding on horseback, and wandering nobles walking on foot; dismounted dragoons had retreated to the continent, and counterfeit militaires were filling their place at home.

The wine went round; and with it their glances at the surrounding company. The whole circle was unknown to the returned traveller; but the right honourable veteran was, as always, acquainted with the whole of the town. He pointed out many of the fashionables of the day to Lord Dorimont; and as he found out that he was resolved to re-embark in the usual way, and enjoy the delights of the Turf once more, he offered to introduce him to a few fellows worth knowing, and to one in particular who might be his Cicerone in a new world, or rather we ought to say, his guide to re-conduct him to paths which he had long and often trodden, but which were now frequented and occupied by other passengers.

A young sprig of fashion, sitting at a neighbouring table and sipping his pint of claret, was the man in view: good nature, high dress, an *entrée* to the best society, and a stylish appearance, fitted him for the task; and on being introduced by his friend the Peer, his manners and habits were quite congenial to those of the *retourné;* another advantage was, his being an inmate in the house, which gave a facility to a growing intimacy, and prevented the trouble of seeking further for an arm-companion, a huge convenience to a dandy or an exquisite, and in fact to any one wishing to stand high in public opinion. The companion, or tiger, is the introductive to all acceptable visitors, and an impediment to all improper intruders; but what was more valuable than all this, was that the guide was a young man of fortune and independence, so that when he gave his society, his sympathies were likely to accom-

pany it; and where he devoted his time, corresponding feelings must guide his choice.

The night was far advanced when the friendly and festive triumvirate separated; the worthy Peer with the rose of Bacchus blooming on his well-tempered countenance, the young noble well pleased with renewing one valuable companion, and having found another of less advanced years who could reintroduce him into those places of gay resort in which he had formerly shone.

With these ideas the new friends separated for the night, or rather for the morning, arranging previously to meet at breakfast, and to sally forth together in the ordinary routine of a fashionable afternoon. Lord Dorimont slept well; but ever and anon awoke with the anticipations of future celebrity, of again gaining an eminence in pleasurable life, of doing on the Turf that which he had left undone, and of guarding against the snares into which he had fallen, although he rose

therefrom with dignity, unvanquished and uncomplaining. He had a large disposable force in a pecuniary way, a fine material to open his campaign; and as *l'argent, l'argent, et toujours de l'argent* forms the main spring of war, so does it procure all the necessary auxiliaries for fashionable pre-eminence and enjoyment. He had nothing to do but write to his steward for a very considerable sum of rents due, besides having a great ready money deposit in his late uncle's banker's hands, and the stocks as a further reserve in case of necessity.

Such a state of things would welcome him everywhere; and would insure him what he met with at all hands, congratulating acquaintance, *soi-disant* friends, kind welcomes, officious and obsequious tradesmen. Nor were these ideas the only ones which intervened between waking and repose. Remembrances of a softer nature presented themselves on his pillow: there was a certain

somebody who towered above all other fair favourites, a star of peculiar brightness which outshone the others composing the galaxy of beauty which illumined his faith in *le champ de Venus*. She was not, as others were, a willing captive, half seeking and half sought, half flying and half lingering by the way; no Galatea, no fashionable Pyrrha, no well-known mistress of arts and hearts, no honourable or right honourable demirep of distinction. She was one on whose cheek the modest blush of innocence bloomed with superior lustre, one whose retiring softness captivated whilst it commanded respect, and whose full blue-eye, beaming benevolence and love, enchanted and allured at the same moment, and, like the azure vault of Heaven, was distant and serene. Never was more beauty blended in human form, nor more goodness made up in mortal mould. To see her was to admire her, to know her was to love her; the eye of admiration met her

everywhere, the arts of seduction pursued her at every turn.

Such a conquest raised the ambition of our young hero to the highest pitch of anxious enterprise; she was a young bride, sold by the sordid interest and aspiring views of her depraved father to age and dissipation—a wasted heart and vicious mind, in the person of one of *la haute noblesse*, supported by court favour and bolstered up by royal influence. Unworthy of the jewel he won, not wore, he soon showed symptoms of neglect and indifference: his pride first led him to produce her in all brilliant circles, to exhibit the slave of his caprice, the victim of self-interest. What could be expected? Disgust, alienation, a withdrawal from his odious presence; whilst he on his part endeavoured to indulge in the excitements of guilty pleasure, and to acquire the fame of a man of gallantry, under the repulsiveness of standing the living wreck and ruin of folly, vice, inso-

lence, and voluptuousness. A separation was soon suggested; but as he received a diplomatic mission to a far distant court, it was not carried into effect; she therefore remained a married widow, a titled deserted one, unprotected and unbefriended, and (if we may use the term) exposed to many temptations, yet bound by the tyrannical bonds of a galling and preposterous chain.

Her's was a hard part to play, a hard fate to endure; the dove of gentleness was in the forest of birds of prey. Her rank commanded her to move in a certain sphere; retirement and solitude were the only probable means of saving her from ruin. Accustomed to the language of flattery, it had no effect on her; chaste by nature and habit, the sensitive plant shrunk not more tremulously from the advance. It seemed as if no motive could win her from virtue's path, yet time and circumstances, neglect and erring nature, at length entangled her in guilty toils. She

became a fallen star: how and when our reader has still to learn.

This was the fair one who became the *adorata* of our hero, and whose absence he regretted in the sleepless hours of reminiscence. They had parted as lovers do: their union was attended with all that mystery and *bienséance* which marked polished life, but they felt that if fate and propriety divided them, a mutual *penchant* drew them to each other. They could not ostensibly combine, yet they could not live asunder:—of this hereafter.

The lateness of the hour, the attending valet, the anticipations of the Turf and town notoriety, drove the remembrance of the enchantress out of her lover's brain for a while, though not without resolving to write to her the first post-day to solicit her to come to England, a circumstance which would add to his *éclat*, but which he scarcely dared to hope for.

After a careful toilet, he met his friend at the breakfast-table, perusing over a lengthy article of *crim. con.;* on perceiving which, Lord Dorimont smiled and shook his head at the same moment — (was there much in that?) "Shake not thy curly locks at me; thou can'st not say I did it!" exclaimed his Lordship; at which the companion laughed heartily and called for breakfast.

And now a neat team appears at the door in attendance; its style was quite *comme il faut,* all well appointed. This pleased his Lordship, whilst it decided him in purchasing one that would eclipse it; and maintaining a racing and hunting stud equal to those with which he had found it necessary to part.

The new friends prepared for the morning arrangements. It was Monday; and Tattersall's was the order of the day. After the morning's work there, they had a round

of horse dealers and coachmakers to make, to pick and choose the finest horses, best and neatest carriages.

On their way to Tattersall's, Lord Dorimont's new friend met with a brother dragsman, Lord Starborough, who exhibited strong marks of a family alliance with General Jacko, the celebrated monkey. Dame Nature certainly must have left his Lordship to one of her journeymen to make, who has not made him well; nevertheless he is a great amateur of beauty, and has engaged the smiles of more than one fair protégée. He had at one time hanging on his right honourable arms Lovey and Dovey, and *la Colombe* was not merely a bird of passage; he had also another Danaë, for the Peer is obliged like Jupiter to *shower* his favours in the same way (we had almost said in the same coin). These impressions cannot be lasting; and it was said of him by a certain frail one, that however a

woman might fancy herself in love, "look in his face and you 'll forget it all."

It would be well also for our brother whip, if in the wanderings of his fancy by land and water, he could sacrifice less copiously to Bacchus, for when he comes ashore, *three sheets in the wind,* he is a troublesome customer to the guardians of the night, and to the peaceable night-walking plebs; and on board his vessel he is not much steadier. Else how came his faithful friend to fall overboard, and how comes his Lordship to be so fightable (no, not fightable, but threatening) when brought to, and searched on suspicion of bringing some extraordinary productions of foreign parts, or some contraband article smuggled from a show. Indeed, what with beard, and all other external peculiarities of his person, it would puzzle a conjuror to ascertain his *genus,* not genius,—whether Jew, gentile, smuggler, coachman, noble, or ple-

bian. Lord Dorimont recollected him when young and unmeaning, but he found him not improved in any shape.

Arrived at Tattersall's, the new comer, or rather the great unknown returned under such happy circumstances, caused a great effect: how many hoped and expected to reap a golden harvest once more! Dandies, dealers, jockies, legs, tradesmen, and loungers, were all on the alert, from Hookey, of Goldfinch-Hall, down to the lowest groom-porter of the minor tartarian regions, and from the patrician patrons of the turf, down to him who had no horse in his stable.

And now the odds of the next *Derby* were settling, books opening, and bets being entered, which set the principal turfmen in motion, as well as those who were actively employed and actually run their own horses, as the betters and partners, known and unknown, of the former.

Lord Dorimont's friend, in showing the lions, and giving an account of the numerous changes which had taken place; marked with regret many who had been so fleeced as to be fallen from "their high estate," and now playing a little game, or hanging on from habit; of these Sir Charles Hazard was one, he had in a few years lost a fine fortune to Greeks and legs of all descriptions; no small portion of which was wrecked at Hookey's Hall in the West. Sir Charles is now content as a Sub of Dragoons, and views with placid eye the success of those who are literally trading with his money in their pockets: by the way, what a lucky dog that Hookey is! but how can he be otherwise? he says it's *all fish that comes to his dish:* and dished they are properly!

At the moment Lord Dorimont was expressing his regrets at the change of fortune in the bold dragoon, Hookey passed by in *pro-*

pria persona: our hero did not immediately recognise him, but his usual address in the vulgar tongue, and his common expression of "Vat, are you here again, Lord Dorimont?" brought him back to his remembrance. Near him stood Pugil, an ex-boxer, well-known in his day in the ring, but who now devotes his time to the turf, and has amassed an immense fortune: he has made a better hand of this than his pugilistic trade, and has floored his men more triumphantly than when on the first stage of life, where he appeared and gained a certain portion of notoriety. Doubtless, he has learned from both "that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;" but that "knowledge is power," and money strength.

Near Hookey, Jerry Mace located himself: this worthy is a quondam groom-porter at a certain house of Grecian name; the commencement of his fortune was from a chance at Pharo, given him by a certain Yorkshire

baronet, Sir Charles Wheeler. Thus does fortune's wheel go round: it took a lucky turn in favour of Mace, who now is a prosperous man on the turf, and has turned his back on the club and coffee-house, receiving his dues for a back hand, and all the other offices of waiter and referee: he has not, however, quite forgotten the *main* chance, and takes care to make his bets where certain to be paid.

The low origin of Fortune's favourites must astonish a novice, but it does not seem strange to *old stagers* like Pugil; nevertheless, if a man had the pedigree of the performances at Tattersall's and the turf before him, they would display a most masqueradish appearance; fishmongers, waiters, footmen, dealers, broken tradesmen, and reduced gentlemen—what a motley group.

One, who was "waiting gentleman to a fine lady," alias a regular hired footman, now carries his head high; we shall call him

Nightshade, the name is not unlike it; this lucky adventurer, who once stood behind a chair, may, perhaps, some day stand for a town or county; he has already purchased an estate in the north, and not long ago won a very large stake, conjointly with Pugil and Shrewd,* a knowing man on the turf. Little did her ladyship think how great a man her lacquey would be; but money levels every rank, and when the aristocracy of the country will step out of their place to gamble promiscuously, whether on the turf or the gaming-table, master and John, the footman and the nobleman, are on a footing.

As a further proof of this assertion, Blaze,

* Shrewd, so called from a sort of natural cunning, more profitable in his present line than talent, wit, genius, or open dealing. Shrewd was formerly a quill-driver in a public office not a hundred miles from the Strand; he *now opens* his *book* in a larger field, and finds that schemes and combinations on the turf beat all calculations, and bring Cocker to Zero.

formerly a little stable-keeper, was standing by, and conversing familiarly with, a Lord, whose name has been handed down to posterity, as famous for its antiquity and rank among men of letters, his noble ancestor having been a star of his day, and the very mirror of a polished nobleman.

On the other side, was Tim O'Botherim, of the turf and town notoriety: there were also in this mixture of the *turpis honesto*, the Lord Stormer, a nobleman *sans tache* on and off the turf, always and every where; and a certain Duke's uncle of immense riches. we know not if he is "*cavendo tutus*," but he stands a bright example what a nobleman ought to be on the turf, namely the patron of the sporting world, the encourager of the breed of horses, the promoter of pleasure, expense, magnificence at the races, the pattern of noble dealing, and the patriot in contributing to our national amusements.

Lord Dorimont was now surrounded by a number of persons well acquainted with his turf-cicerone; some formerly knew the Peer himself; others were acquainted with his character only, which stood high, and with the report of his second fortune which still more claimed their notice and attention. They were all anxious to get bets with him on the approaching Derby and Newmarket stakes, in which a few succeeded, Lord Dorimont wishing to open a book once again.

His friend now had an opportunity of introducing him to his friends Lord Arden and Letterfield (we name the latter so because his name stands high in the field of literature, not for his personal acquirements but for those of his progenitor, and *qui facit per alterum facit per se*). The first of these Peers has considerable talent in more *ways than one;* the second dreams occasionally of love and of winning money,—the former he does *en gros et en détail;* the latter is all in detail, although

his losses are *en gros*, not entirely at Hookey's, but at private play, where it is roundly asserted that he has lost £80,000: his friend already alluded to can, however, decide the truth or falsehood of this. Poor Letterfield! he seemed in a flat key on the morning of his introduction to the returned nobleman. Could not Mrs. L. (by Mrs. L. we mean *elle seule*) put him in better tune? "*Homsever*," as Hookey says, his Lordship is always kind, easy, and goodnatured. The introduction produced mutual satisfaction to both parties, as also an invitation on the part of his Lordship to share the hospitality of his house, and a proposal to have Lord Dorimont balloted for at Goldfinch Hall: both of which were accepted.

Amongst other frequenters of Tattersall's was Lord Freely, a well-known character on the turf. This nobleman, at the age of twenty-one years, came into a very fine fortune, fine estates, and other valuable property, and no man could have entered life

with more eclat, had he not at a very early age been a mark for designing wretches who prey upon the young and artless, and, like the parasitical plants which cling round the tree, sapping its substance and living upon its vitality, feed upon the affluent heir, and exhaust his fortune. One of his earliest friendships was that which he formed for the worthless Lord Scudamore, with whom he was extremely intimate, and who made him pay dearly for his acquaintance. Not content with fleecing him by every other means, a successful conspiracy was got up between this honourable peer and his immaculate lady, by which the credulous friend was found in her Ladyship's apartment. On the question being asked of "What's to be done?" the gentle dame replied, "You know the man;" which indeed he did to his cost, and the safest and most prudent step was considered to be writing out a cheque on his Lordship's banker for ten thousand pounds.

Lord Freely made some noise on the turf; he had fine horses, was a good judge of them, and must have won considerably had he had fair play; but from the system of iniquity now practised, money, that is to say bribery, carries every thing before it. Like the *Yellow* Hussards of the Emperor of Germany, those invisible resources are let out when least suspected, and turn the scale of success when victory is anticipated. Lord Freely in spite of all his losses has persevered in one honourable straightforward line; he had not, like many of his contemporaries, passed from a dupe to a rogue, and retrieved his losses by parting with his honour, and by turning to account the dearly purchased lessons of iniquity which have been practised upon him.

If such men as Freely, as the Lord of the Devonshire family, and Lord Eglemount, conducted the affairs of the Turf, there would be, as it was intended to be, a field of fair play, an

honourable national amusement, and a means of keeping up the finest and fleetest breed of horses in the world; but, like the Ring, it is prostituted to the vilest purposes, and has become a source of wealth to the lowest of the low; to legs, jockies, hell-keepers, and pugilists, whom we daily see raised from obscurity and low life into riches and luxury. There is as little fair play in one as there is true courage in the other, and it is equally unsafe to back either horse or man.

Near Lord Freely stood Lord De Ville he was one of a party consulting together, or rather asking, and requiring his opinion on some disputed point on the turf. My Lord is almost the only man of rank, who has any chance with the legs, or who can compete with them in any shape. Early habits of painstaking, a kind of industry, and the watching of events has given him an ascendancy over even many of the old hands. Early in life he was a bold and judicious rider; his hunting-

stud was one of a very superior kind; he sold his horses at very high prices, and was as anxious to pick up an honest penny as the most determined and indefatigable dealer. By this means he always kept up a handsome establishment, although his means were few at starting on the turf. In fact he has accumulated a fortune by marriage and industry. In many instances he has been too much for the herd of legs that disgraces and infests the turf, although they are unwilling to acknowledge the fact.

Thus much good ought to be recorded of Lord De Ville. We wish we could add that he possesses as much gratitude or prudence, and had been as liberal to a certain sporting Baronet, whose friendship and worth he well knows, as the latter was kind and serviceable to him. One good turn deserves another; but we seldom meet with reciprocity of good offices with turf and play men. The love of money corrodes the heart, destroys its best

feelings, and makes men callous to those sympathies which they otherwise would have cherished: to take care of self is the mainspring of all their actions; indeed any other conduct would be ridiculed. Yet this should not be carried to a total forgetfulness of benefits received, as in the present instance.

A nod was here exchanged between the noble lord and Tom Cornhill, a Corinthian of considerable fortune. Tom is a deep old file, as the jockies call him; as wide awake as any body: the story of his horse Leader will not be easily forgotten. Tom *kindly* told all his friends that the horse was certain to win; he was well aware he was not worth a shilling; nevertheless, upon such good authority as Tom's he was backed strong for the Derby, and was dead beat. It would be superfluous to ask which way his Honour laid his money. A great panic was struck by this event, but we shall have to record a greater bye and bye. A great many bets were taken, and much

money won on this occasion, by what is called the flags. These flags, *alias* outriders, form a herd of brokendown gentlemen, not worth a shilling, who make bets with the young and unwary, and bet thousands as blinds amongst themselves. Thus they pick up a good living; for if the race *comes off right*, the unfortunate dupe pays for it, and the outriders are most conspicuous, and what they call up in *their stirrups:* if otherwise, they disappear for a short time, until their victims are cleaned out, or have descended to the same low shifts as themselves. These worthies are bolstered up and employed by the higher legs, to act for them in their robberies where they do not wish to appear themselves. Thus the chances are all in favour of the flags; for if they win they pocket the coin, and if they lose *levant* for a time: nay, should any of their dupes be unable to pay, they swell the report of the debt from hundreds to thousands, and account for their

own deficiencies by their great losses. This herd of wretches merits exposure, but the greater number are too well known at the Tun and St. James's Street to mention their names.

Towards the close of the bustle at Tattersall's our hero met with his old trainer Nicholson, which he rather considered as a lucky rencontre, as he informed him that the stud of a deceased nobleman with whom he had lived was to be disposed of on the following Monday, and that he could of course give him better information on the subject than any one, knowing as he did the qualities and capabilities of all the horses.

As Lord Dorimont had now determined on starting once more on the turf, he engaged Nicholson, who recommended his old master to purchase some of the three-year-olds, two of which, in particular, were engaged in some stakes at Newmarket and the ensuing Derby. Nor was this all the advice he gave to his employer; he let him into a great many of

the transactions of the day, and detailed a number of anecdotes which astonished a sporting man of the old school.

"You will not find the turf what it used to be," respectfully observed the able trainer. "You must be careful about what you are doing: judgment is no longer of use, nor is it at all safe to bet upon *any horse*. It is no longer as it used to be; men, not horses, make the race; things are come to a bad pitch, and it is now regulated that the winner is the man and not the horse. There are two parties of *legs* who make what horses they please win; and these are two-legged, not four-legged, animals" (his lordship laughed). "Bribery and corruption are the order of the day. You will be astonished when I tell you that Cramp, the jockey, has purchased a considerable estate in Norfolk; do you think, my lord, that this money came all in the straightforward line? Bless you, my lord, the jockies now are every thing; they drink their claret and

madeira; they are not content with riding for others, but they can now have their own horses, and their own trainers. In one instance one brother is proprietor and jockey, the other, trainer and bet taker; this is pretty playing into one another's hands: but that is not all, there is more money often made by losing than by winning, and every thing is under the control of the *legs*, who form what I call the unholy alliance of bribery and corruption." (another laugh). "It will be my duty, my lord, to watch well your interest, which I will do to the best of my ability; and I believe you always found me faithful. I know all the manœuvres; who keeps jockies in pay to give regular information, and corresponds with them every week, and pays them the same: and when they have done they are just as likely to lose as ever. The man in pay, reports (true or false) the state of the horses—their going in their gallops; the chapter of accidents; cold; lameness; the pro-

gress of betting; the favourites of the day; changes and reports, and the chit-chat of the stable. 'Such and such a horse is likely to win, because he is backed strong by such a party, who are too good judges to throw away their money;' or 'such a one has a great notion of such a horse, and I always go by his opinion.' Well, all that is stuff; the day comes, and the supposed knowing one is floored: the combination, the money interest, carry the day. All the rest is moonshine."

Here ended the trainer's remarks, as wise as true, and his master resolved to profit by them; he purchased the two three-year-olds, the one for twelve hundred, the other for eight hundred guineas, on the following Monday, and sent his trainer with them to Newmarket.

But to return to Tattersall's; the business of the day being over, the two friends drove off to a number of horse-dealers and coachmakers. Lord Dorimont having purchased

some hacks and carriage horses, he met with four splendid greys, well matched and in prime condition; likewise two thoroughbred ones, for his own riding.

How delighted were the old dealers to see an old customer, and the new ones to get so good a paymaster! they were all obsequiousness. Such pedigrees were named, such histories given of the performances of their horses, that it would have astonished any one unacquainted with this necessary kind of thing for keeping up the prices of their stable.

Amongst those who were very glad to see Lord Dorimont back again, were the fashionable dealers, Elmore, Dyson, Milton, not forgetting Anderson. The profits of horse-dealing are enormous. If good judges, the dealers ought to make great fortunes in a few years: there is no obstacle but the paper currency. A dealer dares not refuse an acceptance; and if paid, it is the best plan for him, because a young man never looks so

much to what he is to pay, as to the ready money down, which is so very necessary for many of his pleasures. But unfortunately there is a great deal of bad paper afloat, and there is no making a peer or M. P. pay by force: and again, there is that useful Insolvent Act, which young men of family and fashion take with as much composure as a glass of soda-water or Seidlitz's powder. These are the only impediments to the dealer's retiring with riches. They also complain that the young men now-a-days are too deep, for they deal a little themselves, and have all the tricks of the trade; many a bold dragoon keeps his stud upon his traffic. They are all awake at the stable as well as at the table, and if it were not occasionally for a rich boy from school, a minor returned from his travels, or an overgrown fortune, whose possessor is too proud or too lazy, to look to his own stud, the trade might be at a standstill. Some of the old hands swear that times are

dismally altered, and that the bribes to tigers, bear-leaders, jackalls, stud-grooms,* and masters of horse to noblemen and men of fortune, take away half the profits:—"There is no trade which now pays" (say they) "except the ready money venders of blue ruin, the slow poisoners of the people, and quick makers of fortunes for themselves."

* "How are we ruined?"—is a question which our noblemen and men of fashion might put to themselves. Why, the very bribery of dependents and domestics is cause sufficient. They are subsidised to an immense amount by dealers and tradesmen to wink at the frauds practised on their patrons; nay, even the fair sex often bribe to get introduction, et cetera.

CHAPTER III.

——— Ingens gloria Teucrûm.

WHILST our hero was flying over the town to purchase carriages and horses, and other articles of expense and elegance, Hookey, the great glory of the two brother crows, was seated betwixt them in his magnificent *Pallazo*, not a thousand miles from the Regent's-park, examining his books, and smiling over the effect of his successful labours. He had a great portion of the peerage on the

wrong side of his accounts; but some, Hookey said, "were as good as the Bank of England; others were bitter bad ones, but must not be affronted." A title is a bait to the inexperienced and ambitious: with such fish Hookey baited his hook, and in the end caught by hook or by crook, as private anglers do, whether by blind hookey or not matters little; and as the fish is attracted by a feather or a worm, so gaudy names and appearances, and even a worm, if it be a little worm, draws the victim to its lure; a bit of red cloth is not amiss at times, although most successful with the fairer sex.

Hookey had his book before him, and was amusing himself by repeating the *soubriquets* of his customers; his jokes were rather fishy, but the two crows were forced to laugh at them. He went on with his nicknames: Lord Letterfield he called a flat fish, Lord Arden a

dab, Lord Verity (a peer famous for truth-telling) a flying-fish, the Duke of Alpin a skate, Lord Clan Erin a sword-fish, Lord Freely a good sole; some were gudgeons, some sharks; players upon a small scale were sprats and minnows, the great stakers were pike and turbot; where, as Hookey termed it, there was "cut and come *again*."

At the end of this great debate and examination, Hookey, being complimented for the last night's superlative supper, turned his thoughts to those who were next to be invited to his splendid board. Lord Dorimont was marked down with a double X as a prime customer: to him was added some *small fry*. Hookey has much modesty about him; and although very deficient in his parts of speech, is never backward to speak up for himself, nor to *envite* by *vord* or letter the most illustrious names in the land, amongst whom was the young Duke of Deloraine, just

come into his immense property. This would be no silver fish, but a gold one of the highest price and first magnitude. To him Hookey took the liberty to send an invitation to his hall, the fame of which had gone forth for having (as Lord Verity calls it) hellish gastronomical suppers; but the young Duke returned the letter with contempt and indignation, observing that it was insufferably impudent in Hookey, thus to presume to lure him to such a place. Well would it be if all our nobility possessed as much becoming family pride, and had such a proper disgust for play, and for the haunts of Greeks and pigeons.

While we are on this head we cannot help admiring the sound judgment and elevated feeling of our late most gracious Sovereign, who condemned the frequenters of this Eastern Acheron, and set his face against those who frequented it. With the lustre and dig-

nity of a magnanimous, graceful, and munificent Prince, his late lamented Majesty had the good sense and experience of a man of the world; and, to an excellent heart, he added a clear, discerning head.

The consultation was closed, invitations were issued, all the gastronomic arts were put in requisition to tickle the palate, and the utmost splendour of lights dazzled the sight on the approach of night. The lustre of such displays, the attractions of gorgeous banquets, wines of the first quality exercising their alluring and intoxicating properties on the weak brain, titles and coronets, and the hope held out of gain, mingled with amusement and fashionable society, can turn a Pandemonium into a land of promise, teeming with nectar and honey; the approach is easy and delightful, but the "*revocare pedem*"—there is the difficulty, ought we not rather to say the impossibility; for who goes to such places

for curiosity merely, sacrifices only what the thing may be worth as a novelty, and quits it when known sufficiently to be avoided? There are men who pretend to make of this place a lounge and a pastime; but there they deceive either themselves or the public, and ruin is the end of the affair. There are also men under false colours, who act as decoys, or who, having ruined themselves, are tolerated in the hope of a turn of fortune and a recommendation to friends, and many of these grow as anxious to procure customers as those whose whole occupation is plunder.

So much for public or club-play; nor were private professionals less anxious to obtain so valuable an addition as our returned nobleman. Dinners and parties were made for the express purpose of inviting him. Amongst these was an invitation from Lord Clan Erin, a very agreeable nobleman, and who, although

implicated in a transaction in which a Mr. Oldwether was a prominent and complaining party, came out like gold from the crucible bright, sterling, and proof. By the way, we never thought very highly of the animal above named. Lord Dorimont had now a first-rate set of new acquaintance, a brilliant circle; as before, a stud; an *entrée* once more on the turf; he was elected at Goldfinch Hall, and again on the books of the first clubs; and what was more desirable than all this, he had experience, a mature judgment, and a calmness which no accident or event could alter: otherwise he must inevitably have become a prey to the Knights of the Golden Fleece, arrayed in battle order against him, under the mask of friendship. He had contrivers and advisers of every calibre; names of winning horses; suggesters of schemes; calculators of chances at play; every one wished him to win, but had he listened to their kind

advices, he would have been "let in," as they termed it, deep indeed.

Well aware of these worthies, he listened to, but rejected their plans, accepting nevertheless their dinners, and placidly losing small sums at them and at the houses of public play. These losses had no effect either on his temper or his purse; and whilst they enabled him to pass off his time, and to continue to study men and the transactions of the gaming-table, he was forming plans of future honourable success: he even allowed himself to be *played upon*, on a small scale; on which he only smiled as in scorn, and from the popularity of his manners gained the good-will of determined gamblers. All this would have been two dull and business-like, had not the relaxation which the turf affords, together with a little temperate successful vanity, tempered its sameness.

There was still one thing wanting, and on

that depended the final arrangement of his establishment; he was now no longer the butterfly of youth, nor the follower of *bonne aventure;* his heart could boast the conquest of a brilliant of the first water; so that it appeared as necessary to his happiness as conducive to his notoriety, to engage the Comtesse to join him in town. The arrangement might be made with discrimination and delicacy, and would favour all his other designs, and in the event of her listening to his proposals, he would sojourn at Stevens's, and have a splendid home at her house: thus enjoying the life of a single man and that of happy domestication by turns, all organised in a very superior manner, and so contrived as not to trench on any thing bordering on a want of decorum; mystery, secrecy, and management being as necessary in amatory as in diplomatic concerns. He decided, therefore, on pressing her to quit Paris; paint-

ing in glowing colours the agonies of absence, the insufficiency of all other substitutes for the one object which alone can constitute perfect felicity.

Lord Dorimont was versed in these descriptions; his practised hand could draw florid pictures, and pen letters of fire, and words that breathed. England and the turf had, it is true, rather estranged him from the softer pursuits; but a long *séjour* abroad; the practised enchantments of foreign sorceresses; the chains which he had imposed on others and around himself—gentle arts which gentle dames inspire and practice—had made him a very dangerous suitor for female favour. It is in love as at play; the timid novice becomes an amateur, the amateur grows into a professor, and a professor becomes a master of arts.

So it was with the enterprising Lord Dorimont; he, like a certain noble and immortal

bard now living in our memory, had had his heart withered and ruined by the satiety of conquest, hardened by successive impressions, and corroded by suspicions created by artful women, and directed against the sex in general, than which nothing can be more unjust, monstrous, and unnatural. He who wishes for true bliss can find it nowhere but with kind and lovely woman; he who looks for faith, constancy, gentleness, firm friendship, comfort, tender consolation, ardour of attachment, and heroism in adversity, can meet with them nowhere else. These, under other circumstances, would all have centered in the lost Comtesse; she was no flirt drawn by superior attraction from one object to another, such as our hero had often courted and possessed; she stood admired but invincible; envied, yet modest in her pre-eminence; and it was for this reason that the ambition of her suitor rendered him indefatigable in his arts to win

her. Every device was resorted to in vain—flattery, romance, presents, poetry, music, eloquence, prayer, and lamentations—all in vain. Fixed melancholy and retirement, the sad adieux of a bleeding heart, a vow never to see her more, moral reflections, interminable regrets, finally, the loss of him whose presence was as dangerous as delightful, undermined her resolution. Her hand was bestowed on another, but her heart was free until then, when it was madly bestowed on our hero. Had not an odious chain fettered her, it would have been happiness the most perfect to have lived in retirement with the friend of her heart. This could not be; we therefore shall abstain from saying what was the tie; they saw each other daily, their parting was painful; his Lordship returned to the world: he was all the world to her, the rest was a desert.

Time rolled on, when one morning brought

a letter from her lover, full of protestations of unaltered and immutable affection, and praying her to repair to London, to meet one who could no longer live without that smile which was the sunshine of his soul. She might visit England for awhile without suspicion; but if she tarried, she must return no more. Here was a painful obstacle: but then her husband was old and dissipated, and the favoured one was unshackled: a circumstance incessantly kept in view by the latter, and an unction which her credulity made her hug to her heart. How many unhappy women treasure up a similar deceitful ray of fond expectation, which only glitters to undo! the phantom dazzles, until change, cold indifference, and neglect, destroy the fabric which love and confidence had constructed, or time obliterates those charms which inspired feelings that fade and die with them.

The receipt of this letter threw the Com-

tesse into that state, which hearts rent with affliction, wounded by remorse, and lacerated by sad remembrance, yet half dead to present agony, and cicatrized by the neutralizing hand of time and absence, keenly feel. She had been his; he had won her; the arts which captivated still retained the borrowed graces which gave lustre to them; that sensibility which so successfully imitates virtue; that devotion which makes *one*, only, matchless attachment appear spotless to the eye of the beloved; the want which the heart creates of loving and being loved in return; of living but for one, and seeing that one always, in all things; revived in her bosom, as the brief and fallacious wintry sunbeam revivifies for a time the declining flower, which its distance and coldness had consigned to death. She had parted with Lord Dorimont under a promise to return again; but she had considered that that promise was

rather made in pity than sincerity. Her rank and station in life forbade her to become the mistress *(à titre)* of any man; he could not make her his wife; and she had discovered of late that the world had more powerful attractions for him, than the loveliest and most faithful woman could supply in its place.

For a time she had shut herself up after his departure. In a little while she received company, and affected to talk of him with the coolness of a sincere well-wisher. "He owed himself to his country." These were her words—"Patriotism was the most prominent feature of a Briton;" she hoped he might run a race of distinction and fame, and form an honourable connexion.

This last phrase she tortured herself to rehearse; in a word, she affected to have lost sight of him, except in kind remembrance: and what a task is this to a fond female; to

her whose finely woven sympathies make earth a paradise with a bosom friend; to her whose life is a romance of deeper and more delicate interest than pen can draw, or the most eloquent tongue can tell! All this she had surmounted, and was now living in that torpid state which agony bequeaths to the object over which it has exercised its cruel agency. She had, it is true, received warm letters from her lover, but she doubted his return to France, and considered her following him to England as wholly unbecoming of the relative ties which she owed to society, her family, and home; and here was now a formal proposal to quit them all; to sojourn in a foreign land, because he who had estranged her from her own, from family, from duty, and from herself, could not be happy without her.

The lover was successful; her heart was like the flower which could only bloom in

one climate, to which a happy state of warmth was necessary for its existence. She saw not the consequences, and only considered the happiness of him who brought them on his victim's head; and without delay or deliberation, resolved on abandoning every thing for the dream of delight which was rekindled in her mind. The terms on which she surrendered her honourable place in society, seemed promising and respectable—a separate establishment, splendour, a veil thrown over the nature of the tie which bound their hearts together, an introduction into a gay and fashionable circle, the outward appearance of friendship *only*, and the satisfaction of every desire which ambition could procure.

These were fair forms, but were they honest? Was disinterested love the cause, or pride, or habit? much of the latter; but the delusion which affection ever offers to the inflamed imagination, concealed every mo-

tive but boundless passion from the view of her, who had taken leave of the world, and lived and breathed for one alone. She was decided: and after answering the warm summons, and giving time for the necessary preparations for her departure, took leave of her home and country for ever. His lordship met her at Dover, and conducted her to a house and establishment in the very first style of elegance, and she now became, without knowing it, the victim of her credulity; yet, satisfied with seeing daily the object of her idolatry, her days glided in oblivion, interrupted, however, occasionally by the pang of self-reproach, or by that painful and dejected sensation which guilty pleasure creates, but which we deceive ourselves by calling low spirits, vapours, a nervous affection, the weather, variable climate, constitutional weakness, or any thing but what it is.

As might be expected, Lord Dorimont was

assiduously attentive to her on her arrival. She was soon noticed and admired in the Park and at the Theatres; every one was anxious to be acquainted with her; a splendid house and good table failed not to gain her, through the introduction of her cavalier, a number of *soi-disant* friends. Lord Letterfield was amongst the first presentations, as were Lord Clan Erin, Arden, and Norland, a great amateur of foreign beauty, and who enjoyed the confidence of his royal master, two circumstances which gained him, more than personal merit, a certain degree of popularity, and still more of publicity. *La belle Comtesse* was seen with approving eye by many, but returned no partial corresponding look to any one; nevertheless her amiability of disposition, graceful person, and courtliness of manners, made friends of those who had designs not purely friendly in their warm attentions.

All this was a great triumph to his lordship: yet such was his steady mind that it led him not away from the joys of the turf, nor diverted his thoughts from great plans of success with which his ideas had long been pregnant: he watched the wheel of incidents; he compared the present with the past—his losses with the causes from which they proceeded; he placed the gambler of his day with him of to-day; and, in constant correspondence with his trainer, prepared for the events which the race-course might soon exhibit. His love for the Countess was only like the episode of a play, the main plot still occupied his brain; but like modern sportsmen, love and business were attended to *tour à tour;* the turf being now a business, like a place at the Court of Chancery, or the Stock Exchange.

CHAPTER IV.

Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
The *wise* are always masters of their own.
DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

POPE says that "Man never is, but always to be blest." True: but we may add that woman is in the same predicament. The fair stranger was quite *la rage*, her parties were delightful, her praises endless, her engagements incessant; but happiness was beyond her reach. The fatigues of plea-

sure weakened and disordered her, and her lover was so absorbed in the turf, that she detected the decided preference which he gave to its engagements, to the gratification of her society. She sees him mostly in crowds, in entertainments in which the heart takes no part, and in circles presided over by Pride, and rendered uninteresting from the restraint which was imposed on her looks and expressions.

Of the pleasantest parties made for her was one at Letterfield House, and another given by Lord Clan Erin. It was necessary to make returns for these, which the Countess did in a very superior style. At the first party given by the lord of literary ancestry, he introduced a married lady who was the goddess of his idolatry, and who held an empire over him of no small account. We shall have occasion to speak of her hereafter: in the interim suffice it to say that the

Countess considered her as a very charming woman.

The mind must dwell on something; that of the fair stranger would fain have fixed on the exclusive society of the bosom friend for whom she had left home and country, and whose splendid offers of a settlement fixed by him, she had generously rejected; but as Tattersall's and the racing stable, the clubs and private play, a steeple chase and hunting, drew him incessantly from her, she gradually got a taste for play, which formed a part of her amusement after her dinners and *soirées*: self-possession prevented her from playing so deep as she otherwise might have done; for on the one hand she feared lest she might displease or inconvenience him from whom her fortune flowed; and on the other hand, she had heard many instances in her own country of women being ruined by gaming debts, which place not only their pe-

cuniary resources but their honour in jeopardy.

Lord Dorimont, ever attentive to her wants, supplied her at the card-table, and deemed her losses as very trifling articles of expenditure. As for his own they were also comparatively small, but led to a number of designs and contrivances formed against him, yet prevented by his coolness, composure, and being always alive. We now return to the turf.

Whilst half-knowing ones were receiving the intelligence of retained grooms,* or

* As a proof of the march of intellect, we have seen the crafty correspondence of a retained informer to a poor gentleman, who being broken down still dabbles and gets deeper into the mire. The racing groom writes an almost illegible hand, but the art of wording it would not disgrace ministerial ingenuity; and the absence of signature and feigned names of horses and men, are truly characteristic of a spy.

jockies, Lord Dorimont's faithful trainer was attending the interest of his master. After *des tendres adieux*, Lord Dorimont goes down to Newmarket, having promised *la belle Comtesse*, that she shall witness the pearl of all races; and, having purchased other horses in addition to his three-year-olds, one, on trial, he found to be a perfect Eclipse, for which reason he named him Premier, founding great expectations on him—perhaps too this name was given in compliment to the greatest captain and statesman of the age.

Premier, on trial, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his new owner: he was engaged in the Riddlesworth stakes. Lord Dorimont, after returning to town, and passing a few days with the Countess and in parties given by friends, again repaired to the scene of action, where he met Lord Letterfield, between whom and himself the strictest intimacy was contracted; the peer becoming

his confederate on the turf, and backing his lordship's horse to an immense amount. Premier won the Riddlesworth, beating Lord De Ville's horse, and after that stood very high, so that he became a great favourite for the Derby from his performances at the Craven; and it is but justice to remark he was rode by Cramp, the first rider of the day. Premier advances daily as a favourite and wins the Newmarket stakes, which places him on the top of the list for the Derby, and so encourages Lord Dorimont, that he and his right honourable friend back him for an enormous stake.

At this crisis, Nicholson, the faithful honest trainer, which is a *rara avis in terris* now-a-days, informed his master of a black plot laid against him, and divulged an atrocity of the deepest die. A man, by the name of Sandcrack, was deputed by a junto of the legs to offer a considerable bribe to the trainer to

dose Premier, by which the confederacy was to win a very large sum of money, and trusting to the secrecy of the parties were certain of success; this Sandcrack was once only a common farrier, but having, *per fas et nefas*, won a little money, he mounted the ladder of success, and is now become a very great better at almost all the races, nor can it be wondered at how ill gotten gain is amassed, when we see on the turf and in the ring a system of coldly calculated plunder, and unblushing fraud brazening it out.

Against such a conspiracy there was but one remedy, and Lord Dorimont, with the promptness of an able general, resorted to it. He first largely rewarded his faithful servant for his intelligence by letting him into a handsome share of the future gain; and made him seem to accede to the base proposals. A report is circulated of Premier's being amiss, and the odds, instead of being in his favour, even turn

and rise against him: at the same time Lord Letterfield and Lord Dorimont keep backing him, and take the odds in all directions; whilst the junto of villainy is overjoyed at the approaching period of their golden harvest.

Whilst this scene of iniquity is acting by one party of legs, another set of honest fellows propose a bribe of some magnitude to Cramp, to make Premier lose. They were ignorant of the physicking plan, and fearful that the report of the horse's being sick might not be depended upon.

Thus do rogues attack rogues; but fortunately the able trainer gets secret intelligence of this in a clandestine manner, and also of Cramp having accepted the offer; for Nicholson had not been idle in the intermediate space of time, and brother thieves will sometimes *peach*, or let out their secrets. Liquor and discontent, disappointment or a higher bribe, watching and listening, will

bring out mighty discoveries, and Nicholson neglected nothing.

The great day at length arrives, the course is crowded, the weather fine, and a most brilliant display of beauty and fashion graces the scene. The women are charming, and highly dressed, from the Duchess to the lowest figurante. All are there: lots of sporting men; of the Greeks, a complete phalanx; of the plebeian race, all that could muster a vehicle, from a gig or tilbury, to a tax-cart or donkey-chaise. Then it was curious to examine the phyzogs (as they vulgarly term it) of knowing ones of various descriptions, from the turf-man to the pugilist, ex-grooms, brokendown jockies, cock-fighters, retired trainers, grooms on leave, porters, keepers of little-goes and waiters from hells, together with city sportmen and a tribe of cracksmen and reputed thieves, Jews, bailiffs, and the police. Ye powers, what a medley!

Toward the hour for starting, exquisites and titled ruffians, mounted on or in their drags, assemble in numbers; and now Lord Dorimont appears driving his four greys, followed by the Countess in a splendid equipage, with her poodle, and a fair companion by her side. The Peer of Letterfield, with eye elate, is not far off; the two friends dash up to the Warren; the moment for saddling arrives, and Premier comes out as fine as a star, in the first possible condition, spurning the ground beneath him, and proudly snuffing the gale.

"My eyes, vot a hanimal!" cries a cockney. "I bets two to von upon him," exclaims a dog-breaker. "Plesh me, how vell he looks!" observes a wondering Jew, who had got a bit of money against him. The physicking party are astonished, but the other bribery party are mad with happy anticipation. Bets are offered in his favour from his ap-

pearance, at which they eagerly catch; the Baronet and the Peer put on still more; "taken, taken!" echoes from all around; whilst pencils and pocket-books are raised in air; the sums on the race are frightful; the capitalists launched out to a great extent; while others borrowed and raised money in all possible ways.

And now the jockies are weighed. At this moment Cramp makes his appearance, when Lord Dorimont and his right honourable confederate go up to him, and inform him that he must ride one of my Lord's horses, and that Lord Dorimont will put a boy upon Premier. Cramp swells, colours, turns pale. With anger in his eye, and despair in his heart, he says he *must* ride the horse; he can never win if rode by a boy; he has himself a large stake upon him, and all his friends have backed him; it is impossible for the boy to do him justice, and it would

scarcely be fair to the public that such a race should be spoiled: the consequence would be fatal to many whom he had advised to risk their all upon Premier.

Our hero's eye tells the betrayer that all is not right; he entreats him to let him mount, but Lord Dorimont is inflexible; the boy is now in his saddle, and the start is made. The physickers are now faint with fear, and the Cramps look on the boy with agonizing trepidation; the jockey's want of skill is their only remote chance of escape; it fails; Cramp rides like an archfiend, but after a desperate struggle, which takes still more money out of the betters' pockets, Premier wins, and the boy is hailed with surprize and rapture by those who were not in the secret of the intended robbery: Lord Dorimont and his friend shake hands, the former clears twenty thousand by the race, and the latter makes half as much.

The interest created by this race was almost the highest ever known; the defeat of the *legs* was indescribable; each plotting party was electrified; the minor plunderers were ruined; two defaulters quitted the course for France; one Greek took to his bed; the famous jockies slunk off crest-fallen; and mourning presided where entertainments were provided to celebrate a victory achieved, as many are, by bribery and corruption, perfidy and foul play.

Small was the triumphant party, but high in spirits and joyous in appearance; never did Jena or Marengo raise their gallant Conqueror higher than this day's generalship exalted the returned nobleman, who from formerly being a prey had become a formidable foe; he was now reverenced and feared, having both the material and other means, as well as the talent to oppose all their cunning and double designs.

Let us now contemplate the gay scene

after the race. Victory would lose its best reward were the smile of beauty withdrawn. The ladies were all decidedly in favour of Premier, and cheered by sweet looks his successful proprietor. Lord Dorimont, who was now to his inamorata a second Napoleon, rode up to her carriage, and received the soft pressure of her glowing palm; Lords Letterfield, Norland, Arden, De Ville, Clan Erin, and Verity, all surrounded the triumphant car. And now others try to pierce the circle in order to congratulate the great winner; friends and foes, acquaintances, and those who forced themselves on his notice, all were anxious to felicitate him; the blackest villains there, who were secretly in the meditated robbery, all strive to find favour in his sight; compliments, invitations, and salutations met him on either hand.

Elate with success, but worn out with the fatigue of flattery, our hero and his friend

quit the race-ground, followed as before by the *belle Comtesse*, who now seems to reign, and who by this morning's *éclat* acquires a greater taste than before for gaming of every description; for she had her little share of profits in this mighty race, in which her heart was embarked. Women do nothing by halves; in love, in hatred, in ruin, or in gain, in the language of the great French author, they may well exclaim,

"Je me croirais haï, d'être aimé faiblement."

On their road home a host of *élégantes* paid their passing devoirs to Lord Dorimont and the Comtesse; hung on the carriage windows of *la Belle*, and shook the hand *en passant* of Fortune's favoured one; amongst them there were Captain Pigeoneau and Captain Harlequino, both turf men, the first a long shot, the other one of the best gentlemen riders in Europe. We shall have to speak of them

hereafter: at present we will leave the one to his pretty raven-locked partner, and the other to ruin himself in beauty's eyes. The Captain's colours are pink and black; the rose and the dark eye paint them. A word to the wise.

At eight o'clock a splendid banquet awaits the winning party; and more winning than all, the lovely stranger, now lost to home and country, blind to the future, lulled into a gentle dream of happiness, and oblivious of every thing but the present hour. At a very early hour in the morning the friends take their road home, the one to Stevens's, the other to somewhere near Park-lane, or perhaps took a turn out of his way: one good turn deserves another, and it is a long lane that has never a turn.

The great winner, like the great unknown, grew ambitious from success, and fonder of money from the possession of it; all seemed

now to thrive with him; the turf more than ever invited him to its profits and delights; he had a treasure in his trainer, to whom he was not ungrateful; and he had a pretty good lesson from the frustrated villany of the legs to put him on his guard for the future.

He was now determined to push his luck, and formed grand schemes for aggrandisement both on and off the turf, which weight of metal, his lessons on the continent, and constant watchfulness would in time achieve. Not content with a second fortune bequeathed him by his uncle, he resolved to create a third, and to become enormously rich, in which anticipation the provision for the Countess was not forgotten. This she doubly deserved from her noble, disinterested conduct.

He was now a great favourite on the town as well as on the turf, but at the same time a mark for imposition and for adulation; artists

and tradesmen annoyed him to impertinence; plans for ornamenting his country mansions were submitted to his examination; proposals to beautify his grounds; solicitations to patronize and encourage talent encumbered his breakfast-table; offers of advantageous purchases and investments of capital annoyed him; and petitions and billet-doux were so numerous that he committed the former to his valet and the latter to the flames; horse-dealers were daily bringing *beauties* as they called them to his door, and tradesmen were vying with each other to get him on their books.

Mr. Stultus, who is no *stultus* in his trade, used to send home two articles for one; and other operators for the body positively could not deliver their accounts, but wished them to *stand over*, or, rather to *run* on, for *stand* they do not, the lengthy page swells with time, and is turned over until it turns longer,

et vires acquirit eundo. So much for *running* accounts.

We cannot, however, praise Lord Dorimont for his total neglect of applications: it is the common practice of our great people; trouble is insupportable to them, and to avoid it they turn their back upon the poor, and only contribute to a people's wants when ostentation dictates the sacrifice. Thus they lose many opportunities of doing good, and this would have been our hero's case, had it not been for the kind interference of the Countess, who was to him what Josephine was to Napoleon, the reward of his exertions, the adviser of good, a conciliator of Fortune's frowns; in a word, the drop of sweetness in his cup.

"O woman, lovely woman! Nature formed thee first
To temper man; we had been brutes without ye."

With which deserved tribute to the sex we

will close this chapter. To-morrow is Tuesday, and a settling day at Tattersall's. Long accounts and long faces may be expected after the last race.

CHAPTER V.

"The herded Ilians rush like driven deer."

THE birds of prey which infest the metropolis, feed on human flesh, and flock round the gentler breed to pluck and pigeon them, have acquired so many names that one is apt to wish for a fresh one to distinguish their black dye. Crows, hawks, vultures, legs, Greeks and Trojans, have all marked their denomination; we therefore here call them

Ilians for change-sake, black-legs perhaps yet being the most expressive name, as distinguishing them from other animals, and seeming to imply that a cloven-foot may be concealed, or terminate the conformation of a leg. We mean by this description to signalize those conspirators who carry the day by bribery and corruption, and who would employ the trigger or the bowl, had they not the fear of the law before them. Of this cast there were many on this Tuesday at Tattersall's.

A man well versed in the transactions of the turf might almost tell every man's account by his countenance on settling-day, although the parties have quite duplicity enough to endeavour to conceal it; the lucky winner, honestly or dishonestly, often affects a carelessness about the coin, and the more so if he be concerned in a robbery; whilst the nettled loser, whether duped, outwitted, or

over-reached by himself, assumes an easy and negligent deportment, as if the sum lost could be no object, or as if, *playing on the square*, such losses were expected, and might be followed by fair gains.

Nimium ne crede colori ; trust not, gentle reader, such made-up faces; watch them, and they will betray themselves; the frown disguised, the livid lip, the elongated visage, the rogue in the eye, the confusion of deportment, heated complexion, over-acting, these will point out the defeated ranks of betters. The old stagers bore up pretty well; the rawer material, and those of narrow pocket, were all gloom and jaundice.

Bold Pugil came forward apparently calm; a long purse and acquired coolness bore him up, although his losses were heavy. He talked and laughed and looked about him, bowing to a certain patron Marquis, and carrying the thing off pretty well. This Pugil

bears himself with tolerable decency; he is what the Scotch call discreet, *i. e.* liquor or success will not make him *split;* he can be trusted with a secret, and he is what some of his former friends in the Daffy Club call quite the *gemman.* In short, he has self-possession.

But Blaze and Nightshade were very much *cut up.* There appeared now additional defaulters, amongst whom was Brian O'Lyn; but he was fairly deceived by the report of Premier's being ill. The ex-farrier looked like death, and his confederates were not unlike the theatrical representations of Tartarian legions.

Nicholson, the valiant and trusty trainer, was on the ground; the legs could have killed him with their looks; he had on the morning received a threatening letter, to tell him that for his treachery his life was not safe; he showed the dark epistle to his master, who

advised him to advertise a reward for the discovery of the writer, which had the desired effect. Here again the great winner stood upon an eminence, so does the present race bow down to the golden statue; but here it was not the golden calf, as in many instances: tact and talent, ability of mind as well as weight of metal, supported the man held up to notice.

The friendly Peer soon stepped forward to claim his dues, and exchanged with his mutual friend looks of reciprocal approval; this Letterfield is a good body, soft but kind, a little played upon, a chord vibrating to good feeling. It was doubly fortunate that the late race had just taken the turn which it had done, for upon examining his intricate accounts, which he sometimes mistook, he assured his friend that his losses were excessive; he had left a great deal of cash at Hookey's, and private play had consumed a great deal more. There

is no making any calculation of the latter; a man may stop and limit himself at a moderate loss at the former, provided his passions do not carry him away, regret for losing, and delusive hopes of recovery.

With cautious step the great winner still bent his course, losing moderately at the clubs and parties, and looking to the great game on the turf, and whenever fortune should come in his way in any other shape; but the most vigilant are sometimes caught napping, and so was he nearly soon after.

His great gains, added to his command of money, kept every eye upon him. Hookey assured his friends that his Lordship was soon to fall into the net, others observed that the figure must come off at last; he was so fond of the turf, so bold and confident, yet indifferent of his cash; at play he seemed nothing and nobody: he was sure to be caught before long.

Day followed day, and scheme succeeded scheme, whilst he enjoyed a round of dinners, in which his fair friend participated, having now got into a set very different from that to which her habits and her heart had formerly attached her. Her house was now completely a *rendezvous* for play; and she felt no repugnance at what formerly would have been alarming to her nature. Her beauty gained her many admirers, exquisites fluttered about her; there were those amongst them who fain would have detached her from her choice. Proposals of a settlement were formally made by one Shampetre, who swore that she was divine; and Arden pronounced her quite the go.

All would not do: her fidelity was *à toute épreuve!* She resisted all, from Lord Norland's insipid grin to the studied graces of the handsomest dandy in town. Some said that the Duke of Chatsworth sent her an

amorous letter with a splendid jewel: but this was a mistake. It is thought that this mysterious present came in the form of a snake, the family crest to a professional beauty; be that as it may, the letter was amiable, the present elegant, and no return was sought for either; nor can we dismiss the laudable firmness of the fair enchantress without noticing her good sense and good feeling in returning the proposals of a settlement to the old stager (in age and experience) with the remark that she had refrained from giving the letter to Lord Dorimont, lest he should punish the offence as it merited; and advising the bold proposer not to betray friendship, or at least good fellowship, in this way, nor thus to transgress the laws of honour.

Amongst the splendid parties given to the successful nobleman and his lady, we must place that of Lord Clan Erin. This nobleman is descended from an illustrious old

family, which had taken root in the Emerald Isle. He has not much to recommend him; and the ministerial interest bestowed upon him is the chief feather in his cap. His handsome wife brought with her the exertions of her sire in his behalf, and as that sire's dam was unknown, and of course could not give blood, he was anxious that his talents (splendid as they were) might turn to his family's account.

But the father-in-law died too soon, and the blood of the Huns could do nothing; he bequeathed, however, an immortal name to his progeny, procured *post obit* honours for a wife, and excited noble feelings in his son-in-law, amongst which some count his zeal for the independence of the *Greeks*.

Sir Charles Hazard, so called from having lost much in early days to the rooks, contrived, as many do, to live on the remembrances of his former fortune. People ask

a man who has been plundered at play to their tables, because, it is presumable that he has seen something of the world, having paid for peeping; and because it is likely enough that he may be a good fellow; and then again he may have rubbed sleeves with noble Greeks and pigeons, some of whom (very few) pity him, and some like him: plucked pigeons are not an uncommon side-dish at noblemen's tables; and then where play is given they swell the numbers and look well; they also learn discretion, and do better than Johnny Raws.

Unless they play deep, a man giving a dinner for the purpose of play, finds it difficult to collect a party; although plate, china, and glass may. His lordship did not find it so; the company present were the very *élite* of quality and fashion, stars, *beaux and belles* of the first brilliancy; the dinner was magnificent, the variety of wines *au possible*, the

attentions to the fair assiduous and refined. The Countess was delighted with the party, and so was Mr. Guy, the reigning sovereign of the feast.

CHAPTER VI.

All 's well that ends well.
Che va piano, va sano e lontano.
OLD PROVERBS.

Tranquillity and steadiness, secresy and moderation after a battle gained, are as necessary as coolness and preparation before it. These were by no means wanting to our hero, but he had another enemy to guard against. As the sequel will prove, he was more of a Wellington than a Buonaparte in this particular circumstance; and, like the former at

Waterloo, had nearly been defeated before he struck the final blow. To be taken unawares is the fate of many a consummate commander. The ball at Brussels was a bad prologue to the great action that followed it: fate wavered for a considerable time before Bulow and his army turned the scale; and the great commander was in peril when physical force fought him out of it, and a reserve enabled him to drive the foe from the field, and to follow up his success.

In like manner hours of relaxation, a perilous dinner, and the effect of surprise, had very nearly wrested the laurels from our victor's brow; but the strength of a manly mind, recovered reason, observation, and strength of purse — above all, firmness and courage, as necessary at the gaming-table as in the field of fight—turned the fortune of a night, and regained that ground which imprudence had abandoned.

Confidence betrays us into many errors, but that was not the cause of the dangerous dilemma in which our hero was placed after *the* race, which became the exclusive topic of racing men. A long residence on the continent, being early in the world, mingling in a manner with every body worth knowing abroad and at home, added to his being fond of the pleasures of the table, and being in himself full of anecdote and a good bottle-companion, would have made his society very desirable, had he not possessed the talents of gold which he had at his command; so that he had a dozen invitations for one which he could accept. His qualifications to please, and his riches, made him a great object to a certain set, and he had of late indulged, very much to the annoyance of the Countess, in what is called *man*-dinners; he had also gone repeatedly to Goldfinch Hall, and joined in the general opinion that Ude the *chef de cuisine* was the first in his art.

Here he met with a certain Marquis, of high renown as a capitalist and a hellenist; they drank together, they met again in St. James's Street, they rode down the Park *side by side*, and agreed to dine together with a party of veterans, grown, like his lordship, grey in the service of Bacchus and Venus, and of the black spirits which preside over the chances of play. There were neither cards nor dice after dinner, it was not *rouge et noir*, but *rouge et blanc*, Roys champaigne and cool moselle, sparkling burgundy and choice sauterne, the *banquet of Lafitte* and the sweet flavour of constantia, together with liqueurs, and every possible stimulus which to the appetite would give a taste for added libations.

At a late and heated hour, a proposal came from a corner of the table, to adjourn to Hookey's hell; the word was passed, and it was agreed upon to make the finish there.

His lordship arrives with a few of the party; he finds a paucity of punters at French hazard; he commences play with a kind of contemptuous *nonchalance*, as if Fortune had made him her *enfant gaté;* his success forsakes him, and with it his usual caution. His good genius seems to have forsaken him, and he loses a considerable proportion of his winnings; he calls for new supplies, and is instantly accommodated by Hookey, between whom and a veteran Marquis, suspected of having a heavy stake in the house, a smile of intelligence passes, as much as to say, "Give him what he wants; the more the better, it will all melt in our crucible, and be converted to our use." Money pours in, but Fortune's wheel takes another turn, and the favourite of the turf becomes the master of the table. He breaks the bank, which is again replenished; his success continues, and he gains considerably; the Marquis backs him out to any amount

that he will take, and loses largely and continuously. His features now display lines of desperation little short of those engraven on the panic-struck Ilians, after the failure of their manœuvres and their total discomfiture at Epsom. Infuriated with his losses, the old Trojan challenges the winner to single combat, and proposes piquet; the offer is readily accepted, Lord Dorimont having so great an advantage from his gains, and trusting to the lessons of his tutor, a certain Italian Count: the Marquis proposes large stakes, which his adversary declines, determined, as an able general, to ascertain the strength of his antagonist, and will, therefore, play for one hundred on each game.

This resolution counteracts the designs of the great man, and seems to confirm Lord Dorimont in the opinion that the reports afloat respecting the most noble were well founded. This intelligence he had gathered

from mercenary legs, who had become birds of passage on the continent when the game was up at home. The veteran proved to be a tactician, but one of the old school; his system was growing obsolete, his movements slow, and like Pyrrhus's elephants, when discomfited, turned upon himself.

It was thus with the assailing party; so that, after playing for some hours, Lord Dorimont was the winner of many thousands, and growing every hour soberer, more cautious, and more successful. The veteran peer now makes the cards, and knowing the care and dexterity with which he had placed them, and supposing that the attention of Lord Dorimont was occupied by his snuff-box, which the lateness of the hour, fatigue, and habit render necessary to him at this moment, proposes playing a game for ten thousand pounds.

Lord Dorimont, who had watched and

detected the trick, hesitates for a moment, in order to make his combatant more anxious and confident; the proposal is pressed, and at length accepted by the fortunate player; who, in his turn, cuts the cards, so as to counteract the former manœuvre, and to turn it against him: Lord Dorimont now deals and wins the game. The Marquis, still trusting to his skill and dexterity, and imagining that chance may have hit him in a single instance, proposes three final games, for ten thousand each, all of which are won as before. The veteran is in despair, but dissembles, and demands another chance; the victor declines playing any more, and takes leave of his worthy friend, winning from him fifty thousand pounds, and overturning the knowledge and practice of many years.

This ought to be a severe lesson to old crows. It is at the gaming table as at war, on the turf as on the tented field; by dint of

beating our enemies, they learn our game. If after means are given of taking the field again, the old manœuvres avail not; new ones succeed to them, and not only succeed in rotation, but in successful operation; a masterly retreat very often leads to a bolder advance, and to a more vigorous renewed attack, when strength is reinforced, and observation made, to which study and practice will give perfection. Such was the case with Lord Dorimont; he made a prudent and well-timed retreat ere his forces were entirely defeated; his reserve insured his safety as well as his respectability; he had got over in his absence the fevered feelings of extreme youth, and with matured judgment and a powerful *materiel*, he was enabled to cope with the most formidable of his former adversaries.

These last two *coups*, which were indeed the *coups de maître*, and to one party a *coup de grace*, were strong proofs of what we have

asserted, and indeed the modern tacticians are as superior to the *ancients* as sunshine is to the old lamps of the metropolis, calculated more to mislead than to enlighten.

Lord Dorimont retired from his second field of successful fight with the dignified composure of one who was above being over elate, and who likewise projected farther operations on the turf and on *the* table, which should raise him to a princely fortune; and what threw a sort of gravity over his reflections was the great escape which he had had, and the necessity of keeping a greater guard over himself; never to sacrifice too copiously to Bacchus, lest whilst *Bacchi plenus*, play should be proposed (a thing irresistible to play-men), and caution should be wanting to conduct the movements of one who has to encounter either an expert player, or to cope with the chances which are in favour of a banker, more particularly that limitation of

play which prevents the capitalists from recovering their losses.

On waking the next morning our hero was in great spirits: no wonder—seventy thousand pounds, realized in a few days, by a race and a night's play!—but (as in the instance of the race) what was spirits to him was death to the others; many had been ruined by the former. The loss of fifty thousand had by no means that effect on the veteran: he had still great riches; but then his money was his idol; his avarice was more than commensurate with his riches; he thirsted for more; his ambition was also disappointed, and his pride wounded by the fatal failure.

Maddened by his losses the Marquis flew to his lady, not a hundred miles from Oxford, and rushed into her presence more like a demon than a lover. She trembled, and inquired the cause of his great agitation; he informed her; she tried to sooth him; nothing will do;

he cast himself furiously on the sofa, groaned, talked incoherently, called for glass after glass of curaçoa, until he was conveyed to bed in a raging fever. This added to a gross habit of body brought on a severe fit of the gout, in the paroxysms of which he was delirious, and raved about divers misdeeds too tedious to mention. Amongst others he talked of fellow-prisoners whom he cheated of their last shilling, and of other victims who have been ruined by his arts.

This state of excitement was too violent to endure, and in one short month he breathed his last, unknown and unregretted, leaving his immense fortune and winnings to a spurious race; another useful lesson to gamblers, though we fear they will not profit by it.

The Countess waited until dark the next day, ere her Chevalier made his appearance at her house. She was lonely and *triste*, pensive and unhappy; she rose not as usual

to meet him on his entering the room, and he perceived that she had been shedding tears. Extending his hand towards her, he informed her of the cause of his delay, the late hour at which he had retired to rest, and the immense sum which he had won; she struggled at a smile, as the pearly drops fell from her eye-lid, saying in a dulcet tone, "Well! if it is so much for your benefit I must not repine, nor complain of the pains of absence, nor those of doubt." On the last words she laid stronger emphasis, which drew no remark, no added demonstration of tenderness from him: the fact was that he was falling off in his affectionate assiduities; his love was cooling; his rage for winning money, the golden dream of ambition, had eclipsed a tenderer flame. True love admits no rival passion in the heart: it burns alone; no gains, no title, no ulterior object can divert it from its station; no pleasure can supply the place of the presence of

the beloved, no pastime beguile the hours of absence, or cheat the hour of appointment of one moment.

This, keenly felt by the sex in general, was so felt by this fair sufferer; but man varies like the weather, and when love grows cool flies to some other passion, which at last supplants it altogether. The sportsman's and the gamester's favourite must not expect exclusive devotion nor romantic passion; a fox-chase or a race are more captivating to a man of the turf than beauty's banner, or a *tête-à-tête* with a woman of angel form; the gamester would sacrifice bosom-friend, sweetheart, wife, children, king and country to a deal or a throw, to a night's speculation or an odd game.

What chance has woman's charms of securing him whose mind is occupied in calculating the chances of a game? What hold has she on him who is spell-bound, when a few throws of the dice decide the fate of his for-

tune, whether to be doubled or transferred to the pocket of a stranger? Very little indeed. Let the dear creatures look to it, and let no such man be trusted.

The Countess was one of those few women who are sensible enough to know that compliment never returns love; and she was the only one of her nation with whom we have been acquainted, who was above the little art of *bouderie* to keep up an artificial game of jealousy or of interest. Gentle silence, and a colder smile, which she appeared to conceal, were all that proved the discovery that other pursuits estranged him daily more and more from her; jealousy had no part in her feeling, because she had no rival; but dejection and regret powerfully assailed her bosom, excited by the estrangement which had lately taken place.

A turn in the Park was proposed, but it was too dark and too late; a shopping excur-

sion was then named by his Lordship, who calculated that an opportune present would dispel the passing cloud, and therefore hinted that he wanted a few articles of jewellery as a lure, intending to purchase some for Victorine. This would have succeeded with nine-tenths of women situated as she was; with her it was of no value, "*Mon cher Dorimont,*" replied she to this observation, "*vas si tu veux; pour moi, je n'ai besoin de rien dans le monde.*"

This "nothing in the world" was conclusive; it spoke volumes; it showed that crowns and sceptres, riches and titles weighed nothing in her scale, which was intended to counterpoise genuine and unaltered love.

Lord Dorimont wanted not penetration; he felt the force of the reply, but was neither inclined nor prepared to meet it fairly: he therefore evaded it by saying, "Well, love, and where do we dine?"

"I have sent three apologies motived in

indisposition, but you can accept which you like, or dine at the Club; for it would be too *triste* for you to dine *tête-à-tête* with me."

Although he was growing indifferent to those enchantments which first won him, honour called upon him to make an effort at something gallant.

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed he, "Victorine, I shall be quite delighted; the very thing that would suit me; by Jove you could not propose a better thing! A *tête-à-tête* to be sure; who would not enjoy such a *tête-à-tête*?"

She put her hand upon his mouth; he resumed, "Well, so we will, and we will look in at the Opera for an hour. You have not lent your box, I hope, Victorine?"

"No."

The business was settled; and after going home to dress, he returned to a late dinner, and tried to make himself as agreeable as possible, entertaining Victorine however with

the darling object of his pursuit, namely, play transactions, and his anticipations of future success on the turf. At the same time he wished her to issue cards for a *soirée*; a sort of *ambigu*, where a concert and dancing might introduce private play.

These *ambigus*, like ladies of gallantry, are dangerous things; they are like meeting an enemy under neutral colours. Music softens the mind and lets loose the passions; beauty bewilders wisdom, and puts all calculation at defiance; a lovely one in the mazes of the dance intoxicates the brain more than mantling champagne. Who that has just held in his arms an animated statue transcending the finest Grecian model, and gliding round with such a treasure in full view before him, is fit for watching the turn up of a card, or attending to the chances of ecarté, piquet, or hazard. The things are irreconcileable; they however tell well for the houses where such a

variety of amusements is announced, and well conducted.

The Countess consented to this proposition, being, as we have already said, no enemy to play, nor to the assemblage of company which it produces. Play is for the most part the resource of idleness, or of a vacant mind: it afterwards becomes habitual, and it is well if it go no farther: more ordinarily it grows into a passion, and leads to avarice or a love of gain, which are almost synonymous, the one being the *poco meno*, and the other the *poco piu*.

There was, however, another motive for fair Victorine's relishing the pastime of the card-table; it took her from herself. She could have passed her days in retirement, and in sequestered shades with the man of her heart, but that could not be; distraction and dissipation were therefore necessary remedies to a mind diseased.

There was a time when the Chevalier

would have left every other pursuit for one hour of Victorine's society; there was now, alas! the greatest charm wanting to it, novelty, and nothing to hope; so that although she looked everything the heart of man could wish for, the time flew not on wings as heretofore, and the announcement of coffee, and the arrival of the carriage to take them to the Opera proved a relief.

There are minds cast in such a mould that mystery and dangers, difficulty and uncertainty, rivalry and vanity, are absolutely necessary to keep alive a flame unkindled by ambition, and fed only by caprice. Our hero's mind was of this cast, and it was also of that strength and consistency that intrigue sufficed not to it; it must rest upon something more stern than the soft allurements of love; woman's power was not absolute with him; fortune and fame were the idols of his devotion: in a word, Victorine and he were ill assorted. As vanity was not

entirely absent from his mind, the admiration which his fair one attracted at the Opera, so far from annoying him had the contrary effect, and he was quite gratified at seeing so many butterflies fluttering about his mistress.

Although she had begun to speak English pretty well, yet was she nevertheless deficient in understanding many things; nor could she comprehend the merits of pigeon-shooting, steeple-hunting, nor gentleman-jockies. Captain Harlequin was not introduced to her as such, and she was informed that he was a great favourite with the fair sex; that he commenced on the turf under a bad reputation: something had been said about altering or making out pedigrees for horses, mis-statements of ages, and other little turf-peccadilloes; but that passed off with time; bold riding, and the backing his friend Pigeoneau at shooting poor little doves, let out, like other doves for the sport of man, had brought him into no-

toriety, as had the pigeon-shooting of his trusty ally. The Countess thought it odd that one man gained fortune and fame by being a long shot, and another for drawing a long bow; that crossing a country with nothing in view but to break a brother rider's neck, or to pick his pocket, should establish the fame of another; and that it was more ambitioned to be a member of the Yacht Club or four-in-hand, than to shine as the representative of a nation in Parliament; nay, that money should promote all pursuits, not forgetting the last, where venality is not more uncommon than on the race course, in the tennis-court, or in the hells.

A word *en passant* in regard to Pigeoneau. He is a man of good appearance, of far north-country breed and fair character; he had a castle, and it is not one of the castles in the air; but what are these in comparison to the trigger? To this we would advise him to confine himself, unless he has better informa-

tion on the race than on the last, and better luck than on his steeple-chase; pigeons may be shot in more than one way: the gun is the most certain and honourable, and let him stick to it.

Here we must not omit a Melton-man, acquainted of course with Pigeoneau, and like him paying his devoirs to the French Countess. Captain Bipatri, a gay blade, whose greatest pride seems to be to establish his bastardy, and to renounce one father who owned him, for some more illustrious name; to wish to publish the frailty of a mother; to drag into publicity the shame of her whose name it would be a virtue to defend, whose fault it would be a duty to hide.

The Captain's expenses are great; his establishments at Melton are on the first scale; debts pretty extensive; but must push; money being the price by which emancipation from pecuniary difficulties must be purchased? The age is really corrupt when we see ways

and means resorted to by men of fashion; we say *fashion*, for here is one who appears unblushingly determined on tarnishing his family. Poor old General, thou hadst a hopeful son if he be thine; if not, it is a great pity that he should not have the same honourable feeling, as to keeping a secret, as thyself.

The transaction at Hookey's now occupied the place of the desperate race; congratulations were numerous on the occasion; but the winner began to be as much feared as he was courted! The legs began to be very much puzzled about him; his capital invited them to plunder; but it also gave him means of resistance by combination destructive to the minor men. There is such a thing as doing by others what cannot be done by self. His success induced others to consider him as the *Enfant gâté de la Victoire;* lastly, some suspected that he could play the whole game, and that his knowledge surpassed their

own; or was it a momentary wonder, like the great Captain of the age, the conqueror overthrown by his own ambition? To use their own phrase, they did not know what to make of him.

The secret intelligence which overthrew the two parties of the fraternity at Epsom was a hideous phantom in their sight; night and day they set in dark divan to consult on the best method of assailing him. Some thought that he would enter into a plan for a share of plunder; but his rank, high bearing, former character and distance, finally discouraged the idea. Wine seemed the most probable ally, but all was doubt and dismay.

CHAPTER VII.

——— " Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames ? "

" How sleep the brave ? " That we will not answer ; but how sleeps the unsuccessful Greek ? Unknown and unmourned his wealth goes to the spendthrift, his riches are scattered abroad, his name consigned to contempt : success has quite another effect ; it can even consecrate a crime, and he who possesses it must know how to use it with moderation, and how to build upon it.

The veteran Marquis, like Ajax, died by his own hand; for although he had not the courage to plunge the steel into his breast, despair and madness drove him to that excessive drinking which consumed him; he was literally burned out, leaving mountains of wealth behind him, on which alone his heart had rested, and which he counted on enjoying for a long series of years.

His had been a stirring and eventful passage. How much Fortune had done for him! yet, not content with her favours, he must resort to every thing base to increase an already ample fortune; a mercenary marriage, love of play, descending to all the arts of the Greeks of old, selfish, by turns stingy and lavish in expense, covetous of others' store, and not nice as to the company he kept, or the considerations requisite to obtain it; in short he was *nullâ virtute redemptus.*

Lord Dorimont's play transactions were now fewer, and rather on the losing side; but these were mere pastimes, a forfeit that must be paid to society, and had no effect on his growing income; for his estates were increasing as well as his luck, and he was incessantly forming plans of ambition, in all of which he ultimately succeeded. In success, he was determined to take care of himself in every acceptation of the word; in health, in fortune, in his amusements on the turf, and in promoting a perfect tranquillity of mind. He was as fond as ever of the Turf, but resolved to sacrifice less to it and to play, but he would lay by for another great hit, and now the grand racing campaign was at hand, and the season short.

The fame of Premier having spread itself widely abroad, and the last scheme of atrocity for either compassing his life or making him

lose having failed, a number of backers were found for the next coming race, at which he started with two others of our hero's horses. Monimia and Sir Jerry were become favourites; the trainer kept all right, but his master was resolved not to play so deep a game as before; the same thing was not likely to happen again, so that he became a cautious better, keeping his book with great judgment, and making himself safe at all points; his friend Lord Letterfield still stuck to him, and they sported, for themselves and fair favourites, the best turn-outs upon the ground.

The departure for Newmarket was fixed: Dorimont was to set out first, and to be followed by the Countess the day after. On the day previous to his departure, he called to say a few words of short adieu, when he found *la belle Victorine* extremely pensive.

"I have heard from Paris to-day," said she; "the Count is very ill."

"Is he," replied Lord Dorimont with the utmost indifference.

"Very dangerously so," resumed the lady. "Heigh ho! perhaps he may now be no more."

"You will then have to go into mourning, Victorine."

"Perhaps I may have cause to mourn before that takes place."

"Ay, ay?"

"You do not understand me:" here she wept.

"Don't spoil your pretty eyes, Victorine; I am sure he is not worth weeping for."

"Dorimont, I do but weep for myself;" said she in an impassioned tone.

"Oh fie! there is no need for that."

This was too much for her, and she started up, uttering in a subdued tone, "Your love for me is changed."

"*Pas de tout,*" said he; "but I have a

number of things to think of. I have heavy concerns; I am going to lay out near forty thousand pounds in improving my estates; and I have more money on the next race than I thought I had. I do not choose to sell out of the funds, as I think there may be a momentary rise, and I was just thinking how I stood with my bankers: but, good bye, one embrace before you leave me."

"*Non, Milord, vous êtes un ingrat!*" with which she flew into her boudoir, and locked the door.

This was the first shadow of a quarrel which ever took place between them. The suavity of her manner and the gentleness of her temper made such a thing almost impossible; moreover his will was hers. In this she differed materially from her countrywomen in general: but here her pride was wounded; she saw herself slighted; the mask of fondness had fallen off, and had left the cold features of in-

difference in its stead. With the delusion her happiness had flown for ever.

A warmer disposition than Lord Dorimont's would have been melted by the scene: woman's tears are mighty organs on the heart, but our hero had an invariable rule, which was, not to give way to female domination; his pride and his cunning made him persevere in this: no female interference or favoritism would have guided him, had he an empire or an army to command; he therefore calmly cleared his voice, and saying, "*Adieu donc, Victorine,*" to a closed door, he descended the staircase, mounted his thoroughbred horse, and cantered off to Stevens's, where he dined with a man-party.

Just as the cloth was removed a billet was delivered to him; it was in a sweet little hand-writing, scented and on rose-coloured paper; a speaking-seal, representing ivy torn from a tree, with the device, "*Je mœur ou je m'at-*

tache," and the impression of a tear on the superscription, which was "*Pour Dorimont*," Such were its characteristics.

"Pray read it, Dorimont," said Lord Malmsey; "some new conquest, I suppose?"

"No, faith, it is the old story over again;" with which he put it in his pocket.

"It requires an answer," whispered *Eau de Luce*, his French valet de chambre; "the Countess is very ill."

"Oh! tell the Countess I will be with her at eleven o'clock."

These words were accompanied by a dry look, which meant "she is growing troublesome; these are woman's stale tricks;" then turning to Lord Malmsey and to his *ci-devant* Cicerone (for now he wanted none), "I beg your pardon, I think a glass of Moselle would do us no harm."

The young man could not help saying, "I do not think you want a *cooler;*" for he had

seen and admired the Countess, and wondered at this sudden change.

The hour of eleven struck; Lord Dorimont's carriage was announced, but he stuck to the claret; the young man good-naturedly gave him a hint, which taking, he arose, and repaired to his fair one's abode.

Whether madam had taken to her couch, or was reclining in all the attractive beauties of grief on her sofa, matters little to the reader; or whether she was drawing soft notes from the harp; or, with hand reclined on marble table, less white and polished than her arm, listening to the Æolian chords vibrating romance to the winds; this is little essential to the work: suffice it to say that real agony inhabited her mind, whilst studied fair words flowed from her lips.

She had sent for him to excuse herself following him to the race, which resolution he prevailed upon her to change; it was not

what she said to him on this occasion which was important to either of them, but what was left unsaid.

The clock struck two before they parted; he pressed her to his heart, but there was nothing in that. She retired to her chamber in despair; the gulph was now before her which the roses of true-love had hidden from her sight; there was likewise no retreat. Exposure had gone abroad; home was shut upon her; she scarcely knew herself. What, she—the idol of her circle, the object of his idolatry? —no! she was now to all intents and purposes nothing but his mistress, and supported by him, though she had not permitted her imagination to dwell on the idea. If her husband were to die to-morrow, what had she to expect? the conversation of the morning spoke for itself.

Lord Dorimont left Victorine with an air of sorrow; but in looking back at her win-

dow he shook his head; it was completely, "*Adieu, mal maison!*"

And now let us examine the letter from Paris, and the morning scene.

She had heard from a friend in Paris, who stated that the worthless old Count was declining fast, but that he was neither ill nor in danger, much less on the point of death; the idea had just struck her of trying her lover's constancy; the attempt was fatal: this was the first artifice to which she had resorted, and it turned against herself. How often had her lover sworn that he envied no man on earth but him who could call himself the husband of such a wife; but this language was held whilst he was an expectant, "*brisons là,*" as the French say.

Our hero wanted not a good heart; he had entered life as ardently as other young men, but he had been played upon; practised deceit under the specious semblance of friend-

ship had chilled the genial current of his soul. Gifted with great observation, he had now lived too long and too much to value them as more inexperienced, less penetrating characters do. On the score of female society, his mind was too strong, and his habits too hardy to give him a taste for sighings and mournings and winings, tender attentions and gentle converse, endearing nothings, and the intelligence of looks; in burning incense at the shrine of beauty, living in attendance at a lovely tyrant's call, turning over the leaves of a music-book, or devoting his hours of idleness, or to the composing of love-sonnets. The Countess's beauty might have attracted any one; but pride had a large portion in our hero's passion; and the absence from higher and more active pursuits—from ambition, home, the turf, promoted more than anything else his temporary devotion to this lovely woman.

He had not asked himself how long that feeling would exist; he did not at the moment calculate on the death of his uncle; the the happy present was all his care, nor did he (cruel to think on!) consider, when he summoned her to desert every tie which home and family made sacred, how long his attachment for the fair emigrant might preserve its integrity. Here vanity dictated to him again; her presence made him happy for the moment, and was a feather in his cap.

It is a proud thing for a man who has a mysterious love affair, to behold a splendid woman, followed, admired, sought, and to say to himself in secret, *qual cor è'l mio.* There certainly is not a more thrilling sensation in life: but its duration was not permanent; honour imperiously called upon him to respect appearances with the world, and to make a suitable settlement on the lady; the

first he adhered to, yet the secret was soon out; the second, her noble independent spirit prevented for a considerable time—he attached no price to it, and it purchased not happiness for her.

His love had cooled, but his heart still told him that much feeling was due to her who had sacrificed so much for him; he, therefore, had recourse to all those ordinary means which succeed with ordinary women, namely, peace-making by presents. These were of little avail: he had not examined thoroughly the extent of her sensibility, and had not time sufficient to devote exclusively to her. He accordingly left a present of jewels for her, and a letter to inform her that on his return to town he would purchase for her a pair of ponies, the handsomest in England, and on which he had his eye, knowing that they would please her. He concluded his letter by observing that he impatiently

expected her to follow him; and that she would be the handsomest woman on the race-course, which would want its greatest ornament without her.

Flattery, thou art always welcome to fair woman! The Countess smiled on perusing those last words; but it was a cold smile.

In compliance with his request, and still more, to fly from herself, she prepared to follow him to Newmarket. Dissipation is the only remedy for disappointed feeling—blighted love. Variety, show, occupation for hours which would otherwise be hours of suffering, these are the only means left to banish intrusive care. How many victims to passions of different kinds owe their temporary relief to this resource!—and this had now completely become the fair victim's case; she affected to be the gayest of the gay, lived in public, shone like a meteor at night in her box at the Opera, and drove out in the

morning, or rather the afternoon, flying from place to place. The busy scene of a race-course, or the uncertain chances of a play table, occupied her attention, and banished other thoughts. Her misfortunes had nearly changed her mind; which, from flowing in gentle simplicity, and dwelling upon one object, was now reduced to stratagems, partly to divert it from serious reflection, and partly to endeavour to regain admiration in lieu of affection.

Vanity being (as she had found by sad experience) a huge component part in man, she was driven to the necessity of making the most of those charms which nature had bestowed upon her. This is a common practice with the fair sex; when gentle simplicity loses, or seems to have lost its powerful attractions, art is called in to its aid; studied graces and practised smiles, follow the unconscious ease of youth, the laughing eye and

dimpled cheek of early attractiveness; the study of what is becoming occupies much time and attention; striking effects, costly ornaments, fashionable appearance, all come into play; these draw the admiring crowd of flatterers, as insects are drawn by the solar beam. Envy and rivalry take up their station, and vanity recalls the deserting lover, who seeing his mistress admired by all is anxious to appear the happy favoured one.

In practising this manœuvre, great judgment is necessary: a little jealousy increases the interest awakened; too much destroys it altogether; weak men may be led by jealousy; sensible men are above it, and properly conclude, where levity exists, capricious change, or practised trick to triumph by tormenting, no true affection can take root; for true love disdains such arts, and could not for a moment enjoy the victory gained by inflicting pain on the object of its tender and immutable regards.

The *ruse d'amour* (and there are as many of these as there are of *ruses de guerre)* practised by the Countess was merely that of drawing admiration to such a point as to claim increased attention and vigilance from Lord Dorimont, and to gratify him in return, by showing how indifferent she was to the flattery and assiduities of others: in this she succeeded to a charm. Her carriage was beset with beaux, her box at the Opera was visited by the greatest dandies and danglers of the day, both old and young; for of the first class the fading wintry remains still sun themselves in beauty's smile; still fancy that youthful features and graces lurk about their persons and manners: of these some are horrible lisping old men; and self-satisfied coxcombs of mature age are detestable.

Many of this tribe followed *la belle Victorine:* a fine woman, a foreigner, and one about whom there was a certain degree of

mystery. All this fed the conceit of animals like these. Of this species was Lord Lovemore, who fancies every woman is in love with him: the pleasures of imagination must be very lively with him, and perhaps those of hope; but if ever man existed less recommendable to female favour than another, we pronounce him to be the man. This opinion was also entertained by the charming stranger, whom we shall now leave making her preparation to quit town for a week, and anxious for Lord Dorimont's success at the races.

CHAPTER VIII.

"O'Rourke's noble feast will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there, or those who were not."

PREMIER and the Derby were fresh in the memory of every *leg*, from the top of the list down to the lowest stable urchin. The failure of two deep-laid schemes, the presence of mind of the great winner, the discomfiture of two rival bands of the fraternity, all occupied the attention of those who were

to be actors on a similar scene, under dissimilar circumstances. The same parties were to be put in motion for the races, and the same *honest* fellows were to play off their usual game of deciding what horses should be winners, not from their strength and velocity, nor by the superior management and masterly riding of their jockies, but by the books of the *legs*, whose command of capital is prodigious, and as astounding in its amount as in the means by which it was accumulated. A comparatively short time has raised the capitalists from obscurity into flourishing fortunes.

There are, as we have already observed, two parties of this fraternity against fair-play, on and off the turf: their end cannot be accomplished without minor agents,—jockies and trainers, with whom the farrier sometimes combines; so that sickness, bad condition, lameness, short wind, death and defeat are certain by turns; not to mention bad starts

and boltings, all of which can be very cleverly managed, and answer most perfectly the end proposed.

With the experience of this, it is astonishing that so many fair dealers should continue to be the dupes they are; for so overwhelming is the influence of bribery, that scarcely a nobleman or gentleman, however liberal and generous, can depend on his jockey.

But previous to this next trip to Newmarket, it will be well to look back to the secret movers, one party of whom can command half a million, so that to attempt to cope with them is nothing less than infatuation on the part of fair dealers, more especially as the latter are not unaware of the strength and tricks of the former.

The first party, as we shall call it, is sprung from the dregs of society, for of the "*turf*," as it *now* stands, it may be said as of the road—

"The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
If you go to the left you are sure to be right."

The *right* forward straight line of conduct will be of no avail, but sinister schemes, where the honest sportsman is left to his fate, is the only road to riches. Nor is it better in the ring (a very minor line of sporting); you may beat all the ring, and when you back the best man, you are as likely to lose as ever; concert and combination, bribery and corruption, carry all before them.

But to return to the materials of which the turf-junta is composed. Who would expect to find ex-butchers and fistic fellows, quill-drivers and broken tradesmen, little clerks in public offices, and members of the livery, not of London (tremble not, ye civic dandies! scarlet-coated hunters, and counter coxcombs, racing shopkeepers and gambling bankrupts,) but of the *bribery* and *bait*-stables, the controllers of the turf?—the deciders of

the winnings and losings on it; and like the Leviathan Rothschild * on the Stock Exchange, be able to come in with a mountain of capital, and to influence the tide of fortune.

Thus the noble game which the turf afforded, when the royal and rich of the land, the aristocracy and landholders, supported it; when blood in man and horse kept the lead, and when valiant knight and lovely lady crowded the race-course, is now beset by *legs* and other adventurers, and rendered more a scene of business than of pleasure. *Apropos*, we cannot help noticing that the love of the lucre of gain has so crept into all classes, that our young men at Tattersall's, at Epsom, Newmarket, in their clubs, and

* This man of gold must not take offence; we make no comparison betwixt him and *turf-brokers* as to *principles*:—but as to *principal*, his we believe to be honourable, theirs is guided by their interest.

when at the theatres, seem to have business so in view, that what the French call *l'amiable foible* is confined to the novice only and the unplucked pigeon.

But to return to the first class of the turf-conductors: this heterogeneous mixture of characters has contrived, in an indescribable short period of time, to amass a *directing* and imposing capital; two of the parties are supposed to possess one hundred thousand pounds each; at all events, we know one thing, that is, that their names are good for that sum, and that their bills and bets would be taken to that amount. We need say no more to prove to the novice on the turf, or in the ring, that if fair play be a jewel, it is not to be sought for at either.

The second class may be about as respectable as to birth as the first, but is inferior in means; neither does it affect all the outward signs of elegance in carriages and carriage

ladies, the dainties of the table, or the refinement of the vinous fluid, which now slake the thirst of upstart plebeians, who have risen by Fortune's ladder (we say not how) into affluence. The motley group, however, do great things by violent means; and when we recollect that broken tradesmen, jockies, farriers, fighters, footmen, and hell-keepers, form the firm, we need not expect that they will be, (to use the vulgar phrase of one of them) *nice as to a shade.* Hookey, of the great hell, patronises and goes with the first party; his splendid establishment at Newmarket is of a piece with his town concern.

Let us now return to our hero and to the Countess, leaving these black bands to the obloquy which they merit; the last of which, after having pigeoned all the gentlemen who came in their way, turned to destroying their own species, namely, other *legs*, and thus preying on one another.

Lord Dorimont had made all his arrangements for the second spring meeting, had consulted his book, and received the necessary information from his trainer, who still continued as faithful to him as able in his manœuvres, so that he was making progressively a little competency with integrity and fair dealing, qualities that would not suit great rogues, who aim at great fortunes, and who having no character to lose, no conscience to consult, do not find that honesty is the best policy.

Lord Dorimont had just made up his mind respecting a plan to be developed hereafter; this he had nearly made certain, and from the intimacy now subsisting between Lord Letterfield and himself, he had imparted useful advice to him, by which he might have won; but the Peer's head was confused with love, and being no very great calculator, he contrived to lose on the Turf and at

the table. Some how or other every body gets a slice at him—at Hookey's, at private play, on the turf, with the ladies: this is a pity, for as we have often said, he is a kindly disposed soul: there is great amenity in his manners, and we sincerely hope that to this *suaviter in modo* he may add the *fortiter in re*, a thing very desirable for his friends, both male and female, to whom the *material* of the Peer has been abundantly beneficial. He has done many generous things, some almost princely ones: he paid upon a certain occasion the debts of a friend to the amount of thousands, and we hope that he will not, in common with most generous men, fall ultimately a victim to the ingratitude and the designs of the artful.

In a conversation once on the above subject, the noble Lord spoke to his friend nearly to the following effect, which forms a great part of his Lordship's biography:

"My dear Lord Dorimont, you have been at your outset in life a fellow-sufferer from Greeks and false friends. As to myself, I have been cruelly their dupe; when I came to my title and fortune, at the age of twenty-one, I was artless, unsuspecting, wholly ignorant of the world and its deceits, and had not a friend or relation to look up to for advice or guidance.

"I soon became intimate with titled Greeks, amongst whom was a noble Peer, well known for his ready wit. This nobleman and myself were continually together, and his abilities and pleasant society quite delighted me. He soon perceived the easy and unsuspecting disposition which marked me for the prey of the designing, and seemed to take a kind and deep interest in my welfare, for which I was grateful, and thus I was laid open to his deceitful plans. Amongst other good offices he cautioned me against all mi-

nor gamesters, and assured me that under his advice and guidance I should come to no harm.

" Little did I dream that under the garb of sincere regard he would sacrifice me to his own interested ends; but not long after this brotherly conduct and salutary advice, he made me his prey for many thousands; the artifice was effected by a party made purposely for me, which, in concert with their noble conductor, relieved me of a large sum of money.

" This ought to have opened my eyes, and to have deterred me from play for the rest of my life, but unfortunately it was otherwise. I have no command of myself, as the sequel will prove. I was frequently pigeoned for different sums; but of all that I ever lost, although the sum did not exceed ten thousand pounds, I never regretted any loss so much as the one in question to two individuals, the one an

honourable and the other a senatorial gentleman."

Here Lord Letterfield paused awhile, as if in painful reflection.

"When the lower orders," resumed he, "stoop to acts of dishonour and treachery, from habit or from necessity, one wonders little at it; but that the aristocracy of the country should descend to such degrading means is dreadful indeed."

Lord Dorimont was surprised at this reflection from one who still fell into the same snare; but it is one thing to think and another thing to act, and in play matters the most sensible men act the most foolishly. There is a flush which comes over a man when cards and dice are introduced, which to an habitual play-man is irresistible. Caution and resolution soon desert the mind. Resolution is to a play-man what a vow made is to a drunkard, one bottle or one game

more, and then Reason gives up the helm, and the Passions drive our fragile bark to destruction.

There is also a pride in play as well as in love, which the want of success irritates and increases; no man has the good sense to part in good humour with misfortune any more than with *Miss* anything-else: a desire to win, ambition to surmount defeat, an obstinacy in persevering until a change takes place—all these fire the brain, and, as the French say, *qui a bu, boirua*, so we may say, *qui a joué, jouira.*

We remember a withering woman of gallantry, a Contesse d'Autrefois, who very properly asserted that gaming was the only vice which was radically incurable. "Immoderate love," said she, "cures itself, for" (to use her own words) "when Cupid loses his wings he must cease to be *volage.* Ambition may be sated by power, or even surfeited by it; drunkenness may give way to remonstrance,

love, interest, or the cessation of strength; but time and place, youth and age, sickness or health, no change will affect the man of play as long as he can get money or credit to satisfy his habitual *penchant.*"

In repeating this, however, we do not mean to assert that Lord Letterfield is incurable; other society and more powerful attraction may, we hope, yet extricate him from the entanglement, which has hampered older and wiser men than his Lordship.

We could say a great deal in addition to this young noblemen's confessions to his friend, particularly about his being the victim of his unguardedness at certain races of which he was the steward; and when elate with warm feeling, and elevated by wine and popular applause, he was led to play for a very heavy sum—which he lost.

But it is not our wish to place before a generous heart the cold reproach of the un-

tempted calculator; he or she only who has been tried can speak of the ascendancy over temptation. Applause is nearly as intoxicating as wine, and far more dangerous; for the latter may steep the senses in a soporific potion, but vanity, ever awake to applause, carries us to that fever which brings on delirium; so that he who was wise in tranquil life grows mad by the flattery of the herd.

When Blucher, Platoff, and the other heroes which the allied *crowned heads* imported with them, appeared in our gaping, wondering metropolis, the former said, by accident and defective pronunciation, what many a popular leader and favourite of the day might in verity repeat. Pressed by the crowd so closely in Hyde Park that he could scarcely manage his horse or move, and overcome with heat and admiration, he alighted from his steed and put his back against a tree, from whence he addressed the crowd,

acknowledging with thankfulness their attentions, but soliciting to be relieved from them, and to be allowed to retire without further proofs of their *warmth:* his address began with "My friends, I am very *great fool*, I am very *great fool*, I am very *great fool* for your kindness;" by this he meant *very grateful*, the emphasis being thus misplaced.

But as many a true word is spoken in jest, so might the same stress laid upon the wrong syllable speak nothing but the truth of him who, inflamed by popular applause or temporary success at play, gives up the reins of prudence.

One word more ere we quit this subject. The Peer complained of being sacrificed under the mask of friendship. This is the surest game; if a man can be guarded against his *soi-disant* friends, he will have much less to fear from his enemies.

The conversation between the friends was

ended by a momentary silence, an elevation of the eye-brows, and a shrug of the shoulders on the part of Lord Letterfield, which spoke a whole sentence at full length. These pantomimic representations of thought are very convenient and effective; they tell surprise, resignation, disgust, or the *pazienzia per forza* admirably.

Time was that John Bull had such an anti-Gallican head and shoulders, that a shake of the head or a shrug of the shoulders would have seemed quite to compromise his dignity and to affect his patriotism, or what is called true British feeling, *alias* no feeling at all. But now, thanks to our intercourse with the continent, we are as active and as animated as any body; our *beaux* and *belles* now suit the action to the word, and are quite *degourdés;* whereas in the olden time an Englishman's hands were like our sinecurists, occupying place without having anything to do for it,

except occasionally pocketing the cash: at all other times "what a man's right hand did his left hand did not know," for they were so distant, cold, stiff, and motionless, that they seemed quite strangers to each other.

By the way we are a little defective and ungraceful in the management of our arms (not in the field, where they perform wonders, but in the cabinet); and in both houses of Parliament our speaking member, when he has a motion to make, is very apt to thrust one hand into his pocket or bosom, or to dangle it like a pump-handle by his side, whilst the other feebly lays down the law, or is extended towards the Speaker. Now if there were great weight or substance in the honourable gentleman last speaking, the hand in the pocket might be accounted for; or if the address came from the heart, then the introduction of one palm into the bosom would be very

appropriate; but as there is often nothing in either, these gestures and attitudes mean nothing at all: a little more stage effect would not be amiss, a little more grace would be more dignified. However, a petition or the rough draft of a bill are convenient things for a man to go before the *public* with, although in *private* life they are extremely troublesome and unacceptable even to an M. P. or a Peer of the realm.

Talking of gesture and action we must notice the arrival of a certain Marquis from the opposite coast, who made his first visit to Newmarket, a very good-tempered fellow, and fond of the English, but neither overburthened with cash, or with a knowledge of our language. The deficiency was, however, supplied by confidence, which made his language truly ludicrous and mirth-making. He was known to Lords Dorimont and Letterfield in *Paris*, and particularly so to the Countess,

whose *soirées* he used to attend. Up he came to the friends on the ground, with an air *degagé*, literally translating French into English, which often has a very strange effect.

" Ah! behold you, three gentlemen; I wish you the good day. '*Ah! vous voila, Messieurs; je vous souhaite le bon jour.*' I come from arriving at the instant from London. '*Je viens d'arriver à l'instant de Londres.*'"

Mutual salutations having taken place, the two friends inquired how he liked town.

" So, so. I arrive on a Sunday, when every one was as dull as a night-cap. '*Triste comme un bonnet de nuit.*' No play, no ball, no opera."

" Where did you take up your quarters?"

Not being able to give the English name, he replied, " *A l'homme vert et tranquille, à*

Oxford ;" meaning the Green Man and Still in Oxford-street.

Lord Letterfield was convulsed with laughter. " And who on earth could have recommended you to such a house ? "

He told them that it was one of the *Gardes du Corps,* who had passed a week in London, and had found it was *more ship* (cheaper) than the first class of hotels; but, continued the Marquis, " they *overdo* even there." " *Ils surfont,* every body overdo, the landlady, the chambermaid, the waiter, *Monsieur Boots,* and all of them ; not content to pay your bed, *de payer votre lit,* so much, there is a regiment of servants to satisfy besides."

" How came you here ? " asked Lord Dorimont.

" By the carriage public; *par la voiture publique."*

" What company had you ? "

"One lady, who I found a very doll." (very dull)

More bursts of laughter—what a pretty plan, a *walking* gentleman from the Green Man and Still to visit a race-course!

The good-natured peer now gave him a horse to ride, an apartment to sleep in, and Lord Dorimont took charge of him for *la nourriture*, he having complained that *life was so dear*, that he must soon depart. "*La vie était si chere, qu'il fallait qu'il parte.*"

Their inquiries were now naturally directed to what was actually going on in Paris among their acquaintance there. In reply, the Marquis informed them that all was going on in the usual way, but that the Turf was becoming daily more and more in vogue in Paris and all over the continent; the races at Naples were very brilliant; English horses and jockies were to be met with in all directions in France and Italy; an exportation of

the *legs* would be very beneficial to old England, but money is not so come-at-able abroad as at home; nevertheless, we may expect to find our jockies and trainers, in course of time, having a touch of French varnish and other foreign polish as well as their masters, and hear French and Italian spoken in our race-courses and in our racing-stables.

The rage for English horses and the four-in-hands were augmenting in number, and promised to muster in strength for *Longchamp*. "The *elegants* of Paris," observed the Marquis, "*make no case of you (ne font pas cas de vous)* if you have not a four-in-hand turn out, besides your cabriolet and riding horses."

"This must be a *hard case* to many, and a *case of chagrin* to some," remarked Lord Dorimont, which with an account given of young Count Tadpole's piebald team, termi-

nated the conversation with the sprightly Gaul.

This Tadpole is a fortunate youth, who always falls on his feet, although the natural son of an old miser; he was made a *Visconte* during papa's life, after which he was erased from the list of French nobility, on account of the *exposé* of his bastardy; but he travelled to Italy, and purchased a higher title, and now starts again fresher than ever; a *maudit* law-suit came in and deprived him of a great part of the old man's wealth, yet does he contrive to keep up his original splendour, both in Paris and at his *chateau* in the country. It is but justice to Tad to say that he is a right good whip; no better in Paris, perhaps in Europe, and the intricate streets of that metropolis are no joke to rattle through as he does: at night his cabriolet and lighted cigar denote *la bonne aventure*, and then "*Ah, gardez vous, burgerette! burgerette, gardez vous!*"

By this time the Countess had arrived; she was lodged decorously in a separate house; her suite was *en princesse*, and every eye was in admiration on her.

Lord Dorimont and his noble companion attended her arrival, and welcomed her to the approaching sports; she had also held, shortly after, quite a levy of rank and fashion. These temporary triumphs hoodwink the victims who afterwards fall by them.

The easy Peer had still great hopes of winning at the meeting, and was somewhat sanguine; our hero was cool and collected, nearly certain of his mark, but seemingly indifferent about it; a parley with trainer and jockey, and a splendid repast *chez Madame*, concluded the day.

After leaving *la belle*, the friends looked in at the rooms to see how things were going. Money was flying about, but not in the direction of the almost constantly losing Lord. Lord

Dorimont won some loose gold, which he did not count; these small matters were now below his notice; he had greater game in view, although not at the race-course; but the great dream of ambition was still to come true, and he never lost sight of it.

All the frequenters of Newmarket know what the rooms are, so it will be needless to enter into any particular detail; without play Newmarket would be incomplete; this unfortunately facilitates a great transfer of property from one pocket and person to another; thus the gains of a race frequently disappear at the table.

But this only occurs to gentlemen, we mean honourable men, fair players; the *legs* being secure and active parties on the turf and at the table. As instance of what we have asserted, we remember the late G. P. who concluded his career in the rules of the Bench, having won five thousand pounds at

Bilbury races, which he lost at the hazard table; from thence he repaired to London with as much as would purchase a ticket and hire a domino; he set off post for a masquerade, having a five pound note in his pocket; of this the light-fingered gentry eased him, —*laudo finem!*

CHAPTER IX.

"Wisely, and slow; he stumbles that runs fast."
SHAKSPEARE.

With these remembrances in our mind, we are obliged to call a halt, as we perceive that we have got over the ground so rapidly that a word or two of explanatory matter becomes necessary; we will, therefore, in the sporting language, "try back," and thus account for the introduction of Banco, not as a ghost, but as a banker, as large as life.

We had forgotten, in our general statement of the prosperity which attended Lord Dorimont, (and which was owing not only to the extent of his fortune, but to that of his prudence, caution, abilities, and experience,) to state that he had a second heavy check similar to that which he was nearly having with the veteran Marquis. In the second instance he had to pay. However, he soon after recovered himself, and this was his last heavy loss: all was plain sailing afterwards.

It happened that in the round of amusements, and acquaintances which they procure a man, that he fell in with a banker, of the name of Rowley Robinson, a great lover of play, and as great an amateur of the fair sex.

Bankers are not what they used to be in the olden times, good, plain business-like men. Your great folks will not now bank

with a firm unless some one of the partners, if not all, live in a style of elegance. A carriage and four is now a great inducement to open an account with a bank; splendid town and country residences, at a certain becoming distance from the banking-house, inspire confidence in customers; the evening parties of the banker's lady, not forgetting dinners in a superior style, attract openers of accounts; a box at the Opera is as a plum in the Stocks to the copartnery; nay, even a kept mistress attached to a junior partner, is no drawback; she is only a sleeping partner, and her appearance will please young hands, who will bank at the house, because the junior partner is a fine fellow, and *lives as he ought to do.*

It is true that there are certain old quizzes who look to the safety of their cash and plate, and to all valuable deposits of deeds, bonds, and other securities. Such men suspect

these showy appearances as the forerunners of a crash; they do not relish the expensive style of him who is to be the safe guardian of property, nor do they much admire the supporting horses without working them personally, nor keeping a mistress by proxy.

But they must know very little of the town who think thus; for half the carriage ladies are thus supported on money won, entrusted to care, or obtained through the tradesman in the shape of goods; the other half are maintained by married men, who make them the *locum tenens* of their superannuated, or deserted legitimate spouses;—alas, what times!

Rowley Robinson, whom we shall in future call Banco, for shortness sake, got introduced to the Countess, and by making supper for her after the Opera, and other attentions to her and her lover, greatly ingratiated himself with the latter. This led to mutual dinners;

mutual dinners led to play; and the confidence which reigned on all these occasions, threw Lord Dorimont off his guard, and *superinduced* very heavy losses, luck running against him.

The greatest general has his moment of incaution; Arthur, not *of* the round table, but *at* the round table, is as incautious as any one; nay even in the field of victory, when fortune was once very near deserting him: so uncertain and capricious are they both!

To Banco our hero lost heavy sums; no wonder, for in these festive scenes the heart is open, Champagne sparkles, and so does beauty's eye; smiles smooth the frown of care and suspicion, the pulse beats high, and when our vessels are full, we know not of what stuff a man must be made, who has room in his bosom for prudence and precaution; he may, in the language of our excellent and anacreontic poet, resolve,

"When wise, to keep *(his)* bosom locked;"

but he will not fail "to turn the key when tipsy." Even the greatest misers have felt expansion of heart when surrounded by women and wine, although it failed not to collapse when the warmth and flush subsided.

We only state this to justify our hero's departing from his general rule, and to admire his recovering at Newmarket what he lost to Banco. Now, a word about the banker himself. Banco was a partner in a certain firm in the city: he was celebrated in the theatrical world for his *recherché* dinners, for his various houses in the country, for the witty and pleasant company whom he contrived to collect at his table, and for the beautiful and attractive actresses whom he patronized largely, and "though last not *least* in our dear love," the lovely interesting married dames, who were separated from

their lords and husbands, and who formed a gallaxy of transcendance at his happy board. Of this class were Mrs. Reynard Long, the attractive *ci-divant ballatrice*, Mrs. Ricondarto, and Mrs. Everbloom.

The dinners, suppers, and *soirées* had great charms for our hero; and it is confidently asserted that Mrs. Reynard Long's bright eyes made a deep impression on him. The banker's urbanity and good cheer fanned the flame which female charms had enkindled, and begot such ample confidence in Banco, that Lord Dorimont trusted him implicitly, and played with him in boundless security.

No wonder, therefore, that his losses were so extensive, for he not only lost to him at the table, where luck was against him,* but

* We believe that his play-transactions were quite fair; his expenses were enough to ruin him alone.

he also placed money in his hands, although he was not his regular banker; the Countess and many other females did the same, he having the confidence of both sexes, and having something very *taking* about him to all sexes, ranks, and denominations.

He must have had hard work to keep up his credit in the east, and to glitter at night in the west, flattering and entertaining nobility, gentry, and professional people; he must have been no bad financier to have squared his accounts even for the period of his apparent deceptive prosperity; business and pleasure must have strangely contended for preference with him, and his head must have been long and cool, which served him alike in the revel and at the desk.

Be that as it may, he kept up the farce for years, admired and respected, played upon and playing on others, amassing with one hand and scattering with the other: but

this game could not always last; it was marvellous that it held out so long.

At last the day arrived when the veil was to be torn from the false appearance of wealth and credit; when public exposure was to succeed public confidence; and when general regret and horror were to supplant private friendships and the possession of fair fame.

We do not know nor care who was the first to discover Banco's failure and flight; what long face first turned pale and speechless at the blowing up of the bubble. Suffice it for us to chronicle the announcement of it to our hero, and the effect which it had on his nerves and on his conduct.

One morning, ere he rang his bell, his valet ventured to open his chamber-door gently, being full of the wonder of the day, and being one of those sieves that let all secrets through, as well as the current reports

or established facts, in the form of the news of the day. Seeing his master moving he approached the bed-side with, "Sir, what do you think of Mr. Rowley Robinson?"

"Nothing at all."

"Well, Sir, he is come to nothing."

"How do you mean? Is he no more? Has he put an end to himself, or what?"

"Sir, he has failed to an enormous amount: he has hit every body, great and small, ruined whole families, dished hundreds of people. He has also absconded; there is nothing to be heard of but his failure—there never was anything like it—it's downright shocking."

Lord Dorimont, seeing that his man was likely to be wordy and to delay his rising, cut him short by calling for his dressing apparatus; the valet, however, could not refrain from resuming in an humbler tone—

"I hope, Sir, you are not a great loser by

him? He must be a great rascal to have deceived you so."

"Not much," replied Lord Dorimont, "get my hot water. I might," added he to himself, "have foreseen this event; but the fellow was so pleasant and plausible! It will be an additional lesson to me; and although it has cost me many thousands, it will be worth its price in the end: I must make it up somehow or other."

Such was the coolness of our hero. It would be well if other turf and sporting men, in all the branches of play and speculation, could take a leaf out of his book. It is true that his capital was still extensive; a weaker one might have left him in ruin; but even then a genius, steadiness, and courage like his, might have surmounted any obstacle, and recovered any loss.

As he was taking his chocolate, he concocted a future plan for winning back his

losses. Newmarket offered an opening to him, and he soon put into practice the designs which he conceived. *There*, surrounded by enemies, as every rich man is, he took up his stand.

CHAPTER X.

"Legs, have at ye all!"

ALTHOUGH the reader has already had a pretty specimen of these gentry, we must beg leave to show up some few more yet. The menagerie of birds of prey ought to be known by head-mark; and it shall not be our fault if this collection is not pretty accurately described. Doubtless young birds succeed the old ones; but the breed is still the same, and

one race is just as honest as the other; they differ in ability, but there is a glorious resemblance in inclination.

There was a fine importation of them at Newmarket at this meeting; the Greek cohorts were arrived, and business was to begin the next day. We say "business," because the turf has now become a complete affair of business, and your sporting men of the old school are really men of business. All sports are now made subservient to gain, so that persons of rank and fashion, as well as *seeming* idlers and *real* adventurers, count upon the turf. Any sport, in which a man has an ascendancy over others, is a regular part of his rent-roll. Some collect the rent on the turf; others by cards and dice; one showy fellow has a share in a hell; another is the sharer and bet-taker of a friend; here a man is matched against time, and lives by pedestrianism; there another *rides for his life*, or

his livelihood; a third turns his head to gold by pigeon shooting; but the great bulk raise the wind by pigeon plucking.

Of all these there was now at Newmarket a large proportion, and a certain sprinkling of nobility. Happily for the honourable men on the turf, there are yet noblemen who give a sanction to the amusements, and who patronise all that is fair. Newmarket draws from Cambridge a race of young turf-men, and the celebrity of its course still makes it stand high.

The death of a certain royal Duke has caused a sad blank there; in his demise the army has sustained a great misfortune, and the turf has lost a patron. A good many of the old hands too are dropping off; but still some of the thoroughbred ones are now to be found. Newmarket is not a show-ground like Epsom or Ascot; but it is a great place for business, and a real sporting-course. The

company is not so mixed as on the other two grounds, because female quality and idling Lords and Commons do not come so far merely for a sight, not having the town amusements to retire upon at night; and the spruce tradesmen and their families east of Temple-Bar, cannot spare the time from their business. The lower orders also cannot manage the needful for such a journey; but all descriptions of sharps, and sharpers, gamblers, chaunters, pick-pockets, hell-keepers, eo-table and garter-pricking trampers, and informers, all attend regularly here as well as at other races; the high class of flats and sharps retiring to the great pandemonium in the evenings, the lesser ones prowling about at night, seeking to entrap the unwary stranger or bumkin. Low matches at cards, dice, pugilizing, and trick-playing are made, in which the Johnny Raw is sure to be cleaned out, if the pick-pockets have left

him a bob* or a fogle† to play with; so that a race-course, as well as a fair, is now become a complete resort for thieves, high and low, from an Honourable *leg* down to the reputed depredators marked by the police, and stagged in their operations.

A fine day, although cold, drew an additional number of visitors to the course. Of the females, many were the fair *protégées* of the patrician and other Greeks; some were supported by a firm (whether of a bank gaming-stock, or otherwise, matters not); others were republicans. On these, titled demireps and mysterious mistresses bent their disdainful looks; whilst rival beaux paid passing homage to their charms, and seemed to derive importance from the warm smile which might indicate a welcome, or betray a

* Bob, a shilling.

† A pocket-handkerchief.

penchant; and we are sorry to add, that the lovers of the present age are too apt to talk of that which honour should induce them to conceal. Happy would it be for the softer sex, if they were aware that such flatterers love them more from conceit than sentiment, and that their apparent preference springs from the most selfish motives!

Amongst the fair ones who graced the course, was a *bella Principessa* of diplomatic celebrity. Her Highness's politics, however, are suspected to be quite opposite to those of the great man her happy spouse, whose political creed is made up of legitimacy, sacred rights, absolute government, and inviolability. Now there is something cold, systematical, tyrannical, and oppressive in all this, in his splendid consort's eyes, and she is, if we may believe the numerous *on dits* on the subject, a *vraie liberale*. *N'importe*, they manage these matters much better abroad.

Lady S——'s splendid *turn-out* pulled up near her Highness's, and hard by was the Countess Victorine, (for we must not make free with her family name). She was well surrounded, a thing decidedly necessary to give *eclat* to an appearance in public. A beauty ought to have at least ten times as many humble servants in the shape of slaves, and *cavalieri serventi*, as her number of livery servants amounts to. In Spain these cavaliers are knee-bending, ogling, sighing, and dying swains; but in free and merry England, they are nodding, smiling, lisping, nonsense-talking, and hand-squeezing things; the amount of whose conversation seldom exceeds zero. "Fine day, Countess." "Ha! you are come at last; who do you wish for?" "Strange weather; hot in the sun, and cold in the shade." "What a crowded course! Who is our new friend?" "A fresh face, by all that's pretty. I wonder who suffers?"

"Have you heard what horse is the favourite?" "Just come? So am I." "Thought I should be too late." "Well, what a crowd; let us get clear of this mob:" with other little phrases equally interesting. This is the general amount of these buzzers' small talk; some have not time or talent for more; for if they are interested in the race, business must be attended to exclusively.

Lord Clan Erin was one of those who rode up to the Countess's carriage; he was followed by Sir Charles Hazard, and they exchanged a familiar recognition; for they are accounted friends, although on one occasion the service rendered by the former to the latter was anything but friendly. It has often been remarked, that a man ought to guard against his friends, because he will naturally look to and provide against his enemies. The noble Lord had better not have called upon his friend for an explana-

tion; his memory must have ill served him upon this occasion. He is full of good nature, but not quite deficient in remembrance. The peer had better have trusted to his title, as many men do, than have entered into a lengthy correspondence in the public prints, little interesting to the public in general, highly annoying to a great public character, and unsatisfactory to all parties concerned.

Here was Tim O'Botherem again. Like his countrymen, he was always making bulls, in the shape of mistakes. Lord Dorimont recollected, that when quite a youngster, he had a bet with him, which on his lordship demanding (having won it) Tim swore was a mistake, not having as he said made any bet the previous day. During the altercation, a young Cantab came up and demanded a similar bet; upon which Tim quietly turned round and said, "By J——s, it is another mistake!" Tim's want of memory caused his

young friends to come off minus; but both their recollections and his serve them better at the present day.

Amongst the former and present keepers of play establishments, Messrs. Oldplan and Bennett made their appearance. They have realized large sums. The latter has been known often to do a kind and charitable action; but the other has not a single redeeming quality as an offset for the avarice, rapacity, and heartlessness, which too often characterise the chiefs of these hellish establishments.

Iterum Crispinus! here was the farrier again, and mischief of course was hatching. He had again been tampering with a jockey, but the jockey had been already bought by another party on a different plan; so that old Sandcrack came a day too late.

There was nothing very memorable in this day's sport, but an extraordinary swerve,

and some extraordinary private matches. By the latter our hero was a considerable winner, and by the race he nearly brought himself home. It was not, however, by his horse's winning (although all was fair) that he looked for gain. He knew there was a robbery, and, being apprized of it, he was not its dupe.

The day passed off very well; Lord Dorimont dined with Lord Shafto, whose cook is pronounced to be the best in the world: so Lord Verity said, whose word may be taken for a dinner at least, and who has proved himself to be a man of imagination by his late literary productions.

Titled authors are all the rage; their conceptions are so vivid, they see so much of high life, where romancing is so common, and where they can so conveniently cut up a friend, all in the way of authorship. Who would, in this age, be accounted a plain mat-

ter-of-fact man? Certainly not Lord Verity;* his imagination is too vivid for this, his habits are too grand, his shots too long, his imagination too fertile.

We now come to Lord Dorimont's great recovery on the second day's races. The heavy losses sustained by the fugitive banker were still fresh in our hero's mind; his two

* Lord Verity is the son of an Irishman, who succeeded his uncle, an old profligate lord, who served in the French service, and who had a great deal of trouble in fishing out his red-headed hopeful heir from a shebean-house, or other hovel in Shamrock-shire. The old man left the unknown-looking boy his blessing and a limited property, conjuring him to become quite the gentleman, and never to change his religion. The Lord in question never attained the first object, and lost no time in abjuring the second for the love of the lucre of gain. His lady-mother's life and habits are pretty well known; probably, however, Lord Verity inherits her lively imagination and flights of fancy.

enormously expensive establishments of town and country, besides his quarters at Steevens's, were a constant and heavy drain upon his purse; and lastly, being determined never to touch upon capital, or to encumber his property, a *coup* at Newmarket was absolutely necessary to retrieve the past, and to put him in the flourishing condition which he had previously enjoyed.

The day was now arrived—his stud was the best on the turf—several young ones coming out of the first blood, purchased at considerable expense, being amongst them. One in particular, which had beaten Premier in a trial, and offered a fine field for speculation, was engaged in some produce-stakes with Codrington; this last horse was heavily backed to win against the field. Lord Dorimont was too good a judge to back his own horse, but stood heavily against all the rest, Codrington in particular: his

bets were freely taken by all the sporting men, as he had been tried with the winner of a Derby, the property of a sporting man, and had been borrowed by a nobleman, the owner of Codrington, for that purpose.

Our hero's trainer, whose judgment he always took, and on whom he could implicitly rely, had but a very mean opinion of the horse, and suspected it was some new robbery got up by the *legs;* he was sure in his own mind that all was not right, and he intimated these suspicions to his master, who resolved to act upon them. Never was Newmarket fuller, never was interest raised higher: all eyes were upon the favourite—all anxious to see this wonderful flyer, who was to outdo all former outdoings. This was his first public appearance; some said he was the finest gallopper ever seen, and all were eager to back him. His master and his eldest son

came three hundred miles to see him run and win, whilst Lord Dorimont's colt was thought nothing of, and on this day of the race he took the odds to a very large amount.

The race turned out as Lord Dorimont and his trainer had expected, owing to the caution of the former, and the vigilance and consequent valuable information of the latter. The celebrated Codrington was beat in the first half mile, our hero's colt winning in a canter, so that his Lordship netted some thousands by the race. Many found to their cost the humbug of Codrington; all the little betters suffered severely, and some of the higher venturers were bit to the tune of many thousands. As no doubt the celebrated horse Corsair had at least two pails of water before the trial, the party in the secret made a good thing of it, and a better managed business never was got up.

What a contrast of looks of triumph and dejection might be observed in quitting the course; what a hoaxing expression characterized those who had hatched the plot, or were let into it; how changed were the *notes* of the knowing ones who were taken in—changed, indeed, until some of them had scarcely small change to give.

On the night of this memorable day to the turf, the rooms were crowded, and heavy play commenced at an early hour. Our hero, who was an excellent player at all games, came down with the intention of devoting his time to business, and of turning his *savoir* to the best account. At this time there were very few new faces, which made the turf dull. In fact, Lord Dorimont found none except his friend Lord L— and Sir Thomas Gatton. The former he regretted to find, after all the good advice given to him, playing at *écarté* with a hoary-headed old gentleman, Major

Strawberry. This man had previously ruined a number of people, and had won and lost thousands; for at one time he was worth nearly a plum, and was then accounted decidedly the best player in England; but avarice and self-conceit proved his ruin. He thought himself so superior at piquet, that he had the vanity and obstinacy to give the deal to nearly as good a player as himself. The whole field was against him, and at the end of three weeks sixty thousand of his ready money was gone, and bonds to a considerable amount were lodged in the hands of the brother of a celebrated Countess. Strawberry had at the time a small demand on these bonds, and was so anxious to get the amount of Mr. Thomson (the Countess's brother), that the following anecdote is told of him.

His eagerness to get the money in question induced him to call personally at Mr.

Thomson's house, and insist on seeing him; but Mr. T. being fearful that if he parted with this security he might never see the bonds again, determined on not being at home to him, and was accordingly denied: but old Strawberry was not to be got rid of thus; and having once made his lodgment good, remained the whole of that day and night and the following day, having taken possession of the house with the determination to carry his point.

Mr. Thomson's talented sister, seeing that there was no chance of getting rid of him, requested an interview, and informed him that there was no probability of her brother's return. Nevertheless, Strawberry repeated his resolution to remain; on which the Countess (then Miss Thomson) with much good humour and *sang froid*, said, "I believe then, the best thing which you can do is to send for your valet, as I am going to have a large party

here this evening, and shall be most happy to have the pleasure of your company as one of our circle, and as a partner in a waltz."

Bravo female ingenuity, ready wit, and female decision! This amiable stratagem had the effect of removing the tenacious old veteran: a pretty waltzing partner indeed! Suffice it to say that he beat his unwilling retreat; and bowed his hoary head. "Adieu!" said the lady to herself, "*adieu, pour jamais!*" When a female resolves upon any thing, she is all heart; prompt, determined, and firm, she accomplishes her end.

Much of a piece with this manœuvre (although we make no comparison between the chaste Miss Thomson * and the frail *élégante* in question) was Mrs. C——'s *coup de main* with two followers of the law, John Doe and

* Who has since risen to high rank, and for whom we have great esteem.

Richard Roe. These troublesome visitors effected an entry into the lady's house, where (not Lord K. but) her military favourite was, and against whom these unwelcome intruders had a writ; a less able female would have started at the approach of these profanes, but she was not thus to be defeated; and although her *ami-de-cœur* was in the next room, she very coolly, in answer to "Madam, is the Major * within?" replied "No, but I expect him every minute; pray be seated. It is," looking at her watch, "within five minutes of his time; he is sure to be here; pray be seated; you must be tired; it is a good step from town to our cottage." She then rung the bell, and ordered lunch. "You must," continued she, "be tired; and I presume that you must have some business with the

* Not Major Strawberry, but a dashing Major on the town.

Major." "Yes, Ma'am, a trifle or so." "Well then you must have some refreshment; you 'll find that cold moor-fowl pretty tolerable, and I cured the ham myself—" (this was a fudge; she never cured a ham in her life). This is real East India Madeira; the Major sets a high a value on it; taste it if you please; and now you must try my bottle, and I will take a glass myself."

So saying she stepped into the next room, and returned with a case of liqueurs. During her momentary absence she heard the brother-in-*law* say, "What a prime one! how affable and good natured! and how simple! bless you, she's no old stager, but as gentle as a dove; we must manage this business as genteelly as we can."

She now entered with the liqueurs, and bumpered them again and again; one mastiff began to feel the power of the liquor, and almost to regret the errand on which he came;

uneasiness sat on the eye of the other, upon which she took up her harp and begged of them not to mind her, as she was obliged to practise a new song, as her harp-master would be there that morning; whereupon the malty brother filled self and partner again, and observed, that he should like to hear her of all things.

She struck up in delightful style; never was Pluto more enchanted with Orpheus than one of the bailiffs was; the other had no ear for music, and began to be restless. She tried the liquor again; but as the inharmonious brother said it was too sweet to drink much of, she proposed as a substitute a glass of brandy and water and a biscuit, which was agreed to; and whilst they were drinking it, she sang, "Thou art gone away from me, Mary;" then smiling most fascinatingly, she said, "Gentlemen, you must excuse me; I have played you a little trick; the Major has

been gone these two hours, but I hope you are not dissatisfied with your fare. Good morning! John," (to her footman) "let the gentlemen out." They departed, the one cursing and swearing, the other still asserting that she was a prime article.

By the way, this same money-loving veteran has passed all his life for a fair and honourable gambler, if he can be called one who has no objection to fleece a minor, or do such like act in the way of business. Lord Dorimont well knew his man, and formed his opinion accordingly; here it will therefore suffice to say, "Leave the Major to a sense of his own wretchedness," and to regret that the young Lord came off with his usual ill-luck, *écarté* not favouring him more than the usual losing games at which he played.

Poor Letterfield is singularly unfortunate: he has a good heart, and is worthy of his descent; how painful, therefore, it is to his

friends to see him a prey to the artful and designing, and to know that those who ought only to know him by name talk of his being on his last legs! That the *legs* he has known may be the *last*, we sincerely wish; and also that he may never need the accommodation of *bill-doers* of any description; for accommodation-bills bring the highest names in the land into familiarity and disrespect.

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